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No. 338.

LOST DAYS. (A FRAGMENT.)

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

What are "lost" days?
Ah! each one knows: The days wherein we go our ways
Unsatisfied at every close
Because we have not done the good
We would have done if we but could.

No thought of care bestowed, or kiss Has place upon a day like this; We quite forget our little deeds—The answering to our common needs; And yet the cup of water cold, Said Christ, was worth acts manifold. Because of simple duties done Our hearts rejoice not, since some one Remains unwrought from sun to sun.

Oh, soul borne down with mother-cares! The good thou doest unawares Behold! The Lord will not count lost The "empty" days thy crown shall cost!

# Under the Surface:

Murder Will Out. A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER M.'D. AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. AN OLD-TIME LINK.

AN OLD-TIME LINE.

It was a bleak, threatening night in the latter part of August, 18—. No moon was visible in the murky sky, and the paling stars had long since been obscured behind the scudding racks of angry cloudbanks racing low through the air. A moaning wind sighed ominously and dismally among the scattered trees, looking like specters in the night. Anon, vivid flashes of lightning illumined the inky sky above, leaving the darkness ten times more impenetrable than before, while the hoarse thunder growled under the bending sky.

The man who was walking along that almost obscured path to the rear of the little town of Gloucester, across the Delaware, on this dark and inauspicious night, paused. He leaned against a tree as if he was tired, and peered closely around him. At that instant, a blinding glare of lightning glittered through the dark woods; in a moment as the fearful collapse again occurred, a tree not ten yards away was splintered from top to bottom.

Ouick, fleeting and brief as had been the sulphu-

Quick, fleeting and brief as had been the sulphurous glimmer, it was sufficient to reveal the repulsive lineaments of the man's face; and that face, though terrible to look upon, was youthful. The fellow started back.

"By Jove! that's close cutting!" he ejaculated with an oath. "But I am not afraid. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I am safe enough here. I am on business—business that concerns me deeply, or my name is not— Ha! another? Well, fire away; I am not afraid of you," he muttered as another terrible flash glared over the woods, and a thunder-bolt crashed above over the woods, and a thunder-bolt crashed above

him.

But, though the man spoke vauntingly, he was evidently frightened, for he hastily drew from his pocket a small flask, and drank greedily from it.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "This gives me strength and nerve! I must not, will not flinch! If all goes well, I need not longer fear the wolf at my door. Yet, what care I for the wolf! I will not work, for I am lazy and—Now, now, for real work."

He abruptly ceased his mutterings and crouched closer to the tree, as in a lull of the wind, hasty footsteps were heard approaching.

He abruptly ceased his mutterings and crouched closer to the tree, as in a lull of the wind, hasty footsteps were heard approaching.

On came the steps. Then, at last, a dim figure showed indistinctly in the wood beyond; then it was abreast him who skulked near the path. Like a tiger the man bounded upon him who came, and his heavy hand was upon his throat.

A fierce struggle ensued. The man who was so suddenly, and so unexpectedly assailed, was brave and strong, and he gradually gained the advantage in the contest. But then a knife flashed in the lighthing's glare; and again and again.

The str ggle was ended. The man, without a groan, fell heavily to the ground. In an instant greedy hands were rifling his pockets. The well-filled wallet was found. With a cry of triumph the red-handed murderer shoved it into his bosom, and sprung to his feet. But, with a cry of alarm, he started back and brandished his gory blade again, as a tall figure towered over him, pistol in hand.

"Held man!" hissed the new-comer. "I know."

hand.

"Hold, man!" hissed the new-comer. "I know you; and I know what you have done. Advance at your peril!"

"You here! you! Oh! heaven, I am undone!" moaned the wretch.

"Throw down your knife, fellow; we'll come to terms. There! so. Now give me half the proy, and I'm mum."

wear it, then!"

"I swear."
"Agreed; we'll divide."
The next morning when the sun rose bright and clear, a bloody corpse was found in the little copse back of Gloucester.
Who did the deed?

This tragic occurrence took place six years prior to the opening of our story.

CHAPTER II. THE WOMAN, AND THE MAN.

THE WOMAL AND THE MAN.

A PEERLESS beauty!
Tall, elegantly formed, rounded, a sufficient embonpoint, a clear, almost alabaster skin through which the coursing veins and arteries showed plainly—a broad, white forehead, back from which fell in heavy, disheveled masses, a very torrent of jet-black, glossy hair, far down over the half-bare, marble-like shoulders—a full, expressive face, not altogether intellectual, yet sufficiently so; a proud, curved mouth; arching brows of midnight hue; lashes, long and silken in texture, almost concealing the dreamy black eves! e dreamy black eyes! Such was Minerva Clayton, the bank-president's

And there she stood, leaning her dimpled elbow And there she stood, leaning her dimpled elbow upon the marble-topped bureau, gazing out listlessly, musingly over Rittenhouse Square, at the fast-falling snow which filled the air with its feathery battalions, and whitened the streets, and the sighing, moaning, bare-armed trees.

Long and abstractedly did the young girl—not twenty look through the half-drawn curtain. And she looked until her gaze became meaningless—stony.

she looked until her gaze became meaninglessstony.

At last, with a sudden start and a half-cold shiver, she aroused herself, and drew a cushioned chair
to the register, through which was pourin; into the
room volumes of grateful heat.

Minerva Clayton was clad in an easy afternoon
neg ige. It was evident that she had just about
begun devising for the evening, as articles—costly
too—of female apparel, were lying in disordered
heaps upon the bed and about the room.

"Heigho!" she murmured. "I really forgot myself; and I must not catch cold or papa would go
erazy at once."

Just then the door opened.

"Here, Annie, take this note, and tell Henry to carry it at once to—to its address. He can read."

The domestic took the note, bowed and left the



"Hold, man!" hissed the new comer. "I know you, and I know what you have done. Advance at your peril!"

She threw a light shawl over her shoulders as she spoke, and easting her eyes aloft leaned back in thought.

She threw a light shawl over her shoulders as she spoke, and easting her eyes aloft leaned back in thought.

Minerva Clayton was a magnificent girl, but here eyes were not altogether dreamy and innocent when the long lashes uncovered them, and permit ted an unobstructed view into the dark depths, which the wind was so ominously rathing, she had opened her eyes, wide! But she was very pretty very fascinating—everything to ensare a main heart, and to madden impulsive youth.

No! she muttered, still communing with here the she thanks on the stately—so they say! Aloe may any admirest a poack! Clinton can not care for her? Baby in face, with its mild blue eyes! She has no hold upon Clinton Craig's heart, this poor fool! she loves him. Methinks I am fair to look upon—and m/eyes are back! Clinton can not care for her? Baby in face, with its mild blue eyes! She has no hold upon clinton Craig's heart, this poor fool! she loves him, Methinks I am fair to look upon—and m/eyes are back! Clinton can not care for her? Baby in face, with its mild blue eyes! She has no hold upon clinton Craig's heart, this poor fool! she loves him, Methinks I am fair to look upon—and m/eyes are back! Clinton can not care for her? Baby in face, with its mild blue eyes! She has no hold upon clinton Craig's heart, this poor fool! she loves him, Methinks I am fair to look upon—and m/eyes are back! Clinton can not care for her? Baby in face with the stately—so they say! They say! Aye! my admirest a mot count! Besides," and her lips curled in scorn, "I am far richer than Alice Ray, "papa is a bank president; and that isso respectable. Old Richard that is next to nothing. But," and her voice subtation and the voice subtation and the voice subtation and the voice with that is next to nothing. But," and her voice subtation and the voice with that is next to nothing. But," and her voice subtation that is never the road of the road of the road of

rufiled again, as she laughed merrily and continued:

"I daresay I did tease him a little. He seemed somewhat vexed, and entirely in earnest when he declared that if I did not accompany him to the opening ball of the Academy of Music to-night, he would take Alice Ray! What if he did so?"

She glanced hastily at a miniature clock of Black Forest wood suspended over the marble mantel.

"The getting late, and I must stop this!" she almost hissed, her voice instantly growing harsh, while a hard look passed over her features. "Obstinate boy! he'll be as good as his word. I know him well; and he should have known that I was but joking. He shall "of take Alice Ray—there! And—But what claim have I on Clinton Craig? He has never proposed, but he shall! For he loves me, and I know it."

She locked her ivory-like fingers together, and

never proposed, but he shall! For he loves me, and I know it."

She locked her ivory-like fingers together, and sat for a moment as though wrapt in profound meditation. And as she mused, a singular, doubting expression spread over her pretty face.

"Would I love Clinton Craig were he not heir—everybody says so, even his adopted father—to what might be termed a colossal fortune?" she at last muttered between her locked teeth. "True enough, tamvery rich; papa has only me to whom to give his hundred thousand; yet for all that, I could not marry a poor man; it would be a disgrace. But, besides his expected money, Clinton Craig is so intelligent, so handsome, so elegant, so everything! that I can't help loving him some! I forgot something."

that I can't help loving him some! I forgot something—"

Her voice sunk so low that her mutterings were inaudible. But she sat upright in her chair and exclaimed aloud:

"I forgot that Algernon Floyd too is ambitious—that he is elegant and handsome. I do not err when I say I am sure he loves me as much as does Clinton Craig. But, and a hiss again sounded in her tones, "he has no money!"

For ten minutes Minerva Clayton sat silent—almost motionless—and cazed vacantly ahead of her

ror ten minutes Minerva Clayton sat silent—almost motionless—and gazed vacantly ahead of her. But, at last, awaking herseif, she glanced around her and said hurriedly:

"Time flies. I must act. I must write Clinton a line or so; then we will see if he takes Alice Ray to the ball!"

to the ball!"

As she spoke she drew a small writing-table near
her. In a few moments, she had dashed off a hasty
note, inclosed it in a scented envelope and direct-

ed it.
The superscription was:

"CLINTON CRAIG, Esq.,
"No. 10 SPRUCE ST.,
"(Present.)"

Striking a small hand-bell lying near her, the proud girl again leaned back in her chair. This time the perturbed shade had gone from her brow and she smiled sweetly.

"That is polite!" she said softly. "'Tis not too forward; and—Clinton Craig shall not take Alice Ray to the Academy to-night! He'll come! I do not for me."

said she would not go with me to the ball tonight."

"Granted, and I believe it; for the girl really
loves you—or your expected millionaireship—and—"

"Nonsense, Fred."

"Exactly so—all save the nonsense; and it may
be that time— However, that's neither here nor
there. Minerva Clayton, after promising you a
month since to go with you to this confounded ball,
now suddenly, and with no reasons given, declines
to go. Half-vexed, you rush off and ask pretty
Alice Ray to go with you. She has consented. And
now you want to break your engagement with her,
without any other reason than that you are madly
inlove with Minerva Clayton; perhaps, too, because
the banker's daughter would look better on your
arm, and create more noise and flutter at the ball
than poor blue-eyed Alice could. But, my friend,
we differ."

"You are candid, Fred."

we differ."
"You are candid, Fred."
"I am more, Clinton: I am your friend. I must speak the truth."
There was a pause for a few moments; but Clinton Craig, who was again striding anxiously up and down the room, could not be silent for any length of time.

time. 'I do love Minerva Clayton; nay, I worship her, I

of time.

"I do love Minerva Clayton; nay, I worship her, I adore—"

"There, Clint—stop; you are getting red in the face, and—I'll have to bleed you!"
Fred Ashe, the young doctor, smiled as he spoke.

"Well, then," returned the other, good-naturedly, at the same time taking a seat, "in a few words: I love Minerva and would not offend her."

"How can you offend her?"

"By taking Alice Ray to the ball."

"You should have thought of that before. Besides, if Minerva Clayton will not go with you, herself, why it is simply tyranny in her to force you to remain away. You are not engaged."

"I wish we were!"

"I don't know about that. Perhaps—ay! perhaps"—and Frederick Ashe, M. D., looked a little serious as he abruptly ended his somewhat singular sentence.

sentence.

Clinton Craig paid no attention to this; Minerva Clayton, her probable wrath, its future consequences, were filling his mind just now.

"The fact is," continued young Ashe, as if his own mind was made up, "you have gotten yourself into this mess, and you must get yourself out of it. Put on your best countenance, and make little Alice Ray happy, by escorting her to the ball. Beyond a doubt, she loves you, Clinton."

"I must do it, I suppose," muttered the other slowly. "Yet I love not Alice, though I esteem her."

her."
"Is it because she is not so rich as Minerva Clayton, my friend?" and the doctor looked straight and steadily into the face of his companion.

But Clinton Craig did not hesitate; nor did his face flush at all as he promptly answered:
"Not a bit of it, Fred. You are inclined to hold me chear. I have money enugh. a large fortune.

"Not a bit of it, Fred. You are inclined to hold me cheap. I have money enough -a large fortune, certainly in pr. spectu. But I do not love Alice Ray, and could not, were I to try ever so much."

"Ah! Well, it would not require much effort on my part," murmured the young physician, softly.

"You—you love Alice Ray!" exc aimed young Craig, in surprise. "You amaze me; but, pon my soul, Fred, I am giad to hear it. I'll assist you. Alice will make you a good wife. You go with her to the ball."

"You jump readily at conclusions, Clint" answered the other, dryly. "I love A ice Ray already; but it is for her pure, noble heart, her amiable disposition, her lofty soul. But I dare not hope to make her my wife. She is too good for me, and—Why, under the circumstances, I'll not go with her to the ball."

"You will not? Then you—"

osition, her lofty soul. But I dare not hope to nake her my wife. She is too good for me, and—Why, under the circumstances, I'll not go with her to the ball."
"You will not? Then you—"
At that moment the bell rung. Then a note was anded in.
Clinton took it. As his eyes fell upon the super-

soning flashed over it; but the young man controlled himself.

"I am your friend, Fred, and you are free with me," he said.

"Because you are my friend, I am free with you," was the quiet reply. "And now, Clinton, what are your plans? What are you going to do?"

"Going to do? Can you ask? Why, the answer is plain: I am going with Minerva."

"And Alice, Clinton?"

"Why, confound it, I do say! Now, Fred, that's a good fellow, you see the predicament I am in."

"No, I don't."

"You do! And now, that's a good fellow, you must relieve me in this matter; you must take a note from me, and be Alice's escort yourself." And he took his friend's hand coaxingly in his.

Dr. Ashe pondered; but it was only for a moment.

"I'll accommodate you, my friend," he said, earnestly, "because your honor is at stake. But, as I am no postman, I'll take no note. I will tell Alice, in person, why you failed to keep your engagement, person, why you failed to keep your engagement ad—why, I'll be off."

and—why, I'll be off."

Clinton Craig was happy now; he did not persuade his friend to remain longer.

That night at nine o'clock, the young heir to the fortune—as aforesaid—attired in the tip of fashion, descended from a glittering carriage before the entrance of an aristocratic mansion on Walnut street, opposite Rittenhouse Square. Bounding up the stately steps he rung the bell.

And that evening when Dr. Ashe stood in the humble, yet comfortable house of Alice Ray on Vine street, near Sixth, and told his message and his errand, a great welling tear suffused the girl's eye for a moment. But she dashed it aside as she murmured:

ed:
"Very good, doctor. I could not expect him to
go under such circumstances. But I will go with
you; and I thank you sincerely for your kindly
offer of protection."

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT PROWLERS. THE shades of night had just hurtled down; the linding snow was still falling, and the cold north-rest wind blew raw and wintry over the Quaker ity

A rough night to be abroad, and yet there were nose who walked, that wild winter evening, despite the crusty snow under foot, and the cutting blasts hat moaned and roared through the a most desert-

that moaned and roared tkrough the a most deserted streets.

It was about nine o'clock; in fact, the sonorous bell in the lofty, wind-blown cupola of Independence Hall had just struck that hour.

Stealing along under the dense shade of the reservoir hill at Fairmount, two men took their way silently yet swiftly on. They hurried past the milhouses, then across the little bridge, and turning to the left bent their steps through the crunching snow toward the old-time Lemon Hill. The night-prowiers paused not for a moment; but, despite the darkness, pursued their way boldly in the teeth of the blustering wind which swept from behind the wooded hil before them. It was evident that the ground was as familiar to them by night as by day. Crossing the second bridge which spanned a little estuary of the Schuylkill, they turned into the summer road leading around the base of the hill and skirting the river, by the boat-houses.

Still the heavy flakes of snow came hurtling down in flying, scurrying eddies and gusts; and the hoarse wind sung wrathfully, dolefully through the trees, and over the dark bosom of the shuddering river.

And as yet the men had not spoken a word. With

reared itself high and spectral, and stretching away into obscurity in the gray gloom.

"By Jove! I am tired," he muttered. "We'll rest. True enough, I have lungs of leather, but they must be steel-fastened to stand up long under such work! Come! crouch up close. I tell you this wind will find its way through pilot cloth, were it a foot thick!"

He shivered as he spoke. His companion drew closer to his side, and shelered himself behind the massive buttress of the

His companion drew closer to his side, and sheltered himself behind the massive buttress of the bridge.

"You are right, Algy," he said, half-familiarly, half-respectfully. "Tis a raw night; and with such a wind as that against you—whew! histen to it—to say nothing of a foot of half-frozen snow under your boots, makes it a hard matter to get along."

"Well, we'll rest a minute, and then push on. I must begin to arrange matters to-night, some way or another, that's certain! Confound my luck! I am in need of money, I am—and so are you. We know one another; we must work together to get that money."

"That uncle of yours is a mean, stingy old chap, Algy. You are his own flesh and blood, while that other fellow is only—"

"A miserable nothing! an interloper—a man who stands between me and daylight, between me and money, ay! between me and life itself!" interrupted the other, flercely. "Yes; and who knows anything of him?"

"Why, it seems that your old uncle does," answered his companion, quietly. "I've heard it said, that though the fellow may be fatherless and motherless, yet your uncle may be—mind you I say mon be—some kin to him."

"Nonsense, Jen! And yet— No, he is no way related to him. This old uncle of mine is obstinate, and all that sort of thing He took a fancy to this fellow—a fancy, dandy-looking chap now; and I am well convinced that he intends giving him the bulk of his property. Yes, he'll do that, and—starve me!"

The old man will have his way, Algy-if he ain't

The latter words were spoken in a low, significant tone.

"You are right, Jem; you are right! But will he have his way? Will this yellow-haired, pearly-faced upstart cheat me of what should be justly mine? Hark you, Jem: I am working for money; I'll win it. But come; we are rested now; we must hurry on. When we are safely housed, and sitting by a genial fire with a pitcher of ale between us—alas! that I can afford nothing better—why we can talk more at leisure. Yet I forgot something: is Moll expecting us?"

s?"
"Yes; I told her this afternoon to entertain no ompany, but to keep the little parlor for us."
"What did she say?"
"That she would do so, movided there was prog n it, and that she received five dollars for keeping closed doors. The old hag swore that she expected a party at her snug old house for 'catfish and coffee'."

Yes; and you paid her, Jem?"
I did—knowing you would promptly square with
," answered the fellow, with a half-audible chuc-The tall man did not reply, and the fellow called

The tall man did not reply, and the fellow called Jem continued:

"However, Algy, I can trust you,"

"Very good; and—you had better."
These words had in them a peculiar significance.
At all events, Jem was suddenly silent.

"Now, let's be off, Jem; you know I must be back in time for the ball. I ve a ticket—given me—and I will see her—Minerva Clayton, the grand and the beautifull—there. The proud girl scorns me; but she shall yet love me. Come!

The men turned at once and continued their way.

The men turned at once and continued their way along the river. At last a dark object reared itself clore them. The prowlers paused; and the tall man placing his fingers to his lips gave forth a sudjen, shrill call. Almost instantly a light flashed out from the dark

Amost instantly a ign liashed out from the dark object ahead. But, in a moment, it was gone. "Tis all right, Jem; come, we'll enter." A minute later the two men disappeared in the swart shadow flung by a small house that stood almost on the very edge of the river.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY. THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY.

No one, living at the time, will ever forget a celebrated great occasion in Philadelphia, happening in the winter of the year 185—. That was the event of the year, and this great occasion was the formal opening of the Academy of Music, at which time a grand and ever-to-be-remembered ball was given. The doings and incidents at that ball, are to this day as vividly recalled by some, as though they transpired last night.

It was a raw, wintry night—the same one on the

transpired last night.

It was a raw, wintry night—the same one, on the atternoon preceding it, we have seen Minerva Clayton gazing musingly out of her window, over Rittenhouse Square—the same night on which we have noted two prowers skulking their stealthy way under the howling, bare-armed trees at Fairmount.

mount.

But, though the night was rough and wild; though
the winds trooped hoarsely along in invisible battalions, it was a gay, rollicksome, joyous night—to

ions, it was a gay, rollicksome, joyous night—to some.

There are fabulous ta'es extant—now almost grown into legends—of that blustering night; tales rivaling those of the mythical Sinbad, in richness, gorgeousness and splendor, of the show, magnificence and glitter at the Academy; tales of diamond necklaces, spun-glass dresses, and royal silks, satins and broadcloth. The author well remembers the event with its many marvels; he knows that there is more truth than fiction in the grand tales which have been handed down.

But it is not our purpose to describe the ball at the Academy; our promise is to write out, page by page, a very mysterious heart-history, a very veracious love story, and to unravel it quietly, link by link, as we proceed.

Clinton Craig of whom everybody knew so much, and—so little, whose name, an account of his

Cinton Craig of whom everybody knew so much, and—so little, whose name, on account of his princely good luck, was on everybody's lips, whose splendid form and handsome face were known from the Neck to the Rising Sun, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill—was a striking man in per-

rrom the Neck to the Rising Sun, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill—was a striking man in personal appearance.

He was about the medium stature, not grossly stout, but elegantly proportioned, with fine, erect, spreading shoulders, a deep chest, a slender waist, and a foot like a soldier of ten years' service. He was a decided blonde, with a fair skin—womanly, indeed—large blue eyes, delicate tracing of eyebrows, a profusion of curling chestnut hair, clustering rather disorderedly over a forehead remarkable for its great breadth rather than for hight—remarkable, too, for its almost marble-like whiteness. His face was full, though of a wonderfully vivacious and intellectual cast. But it was his square jaw, his prominent chin, along with the nervous clutching of his muscular hands, which showed the iron nature, at bottom, of the man. He was not over twenty-four years old.

On this night of nights, as he entered the immense auditorium of the Academy of Music, with Minerva Clayton, the bank-president's daughter, hanging on his arm, and paused for a moment under the brilliant light of the chandelier, to gaze around at the scene of almost incredible splender, he looked grandly handsome.

His cheeks were aglow with excitement, and his

andly handsome. grandly handsome.

His cheeks were aglow with excitement, and his flashing eyes showed the exultation swelling within him, as he felt the weight of the lovely girl who clung to him and gave him ectat and glory by her

own splendor and magnificence.
We use the term lovely, in speaking of Minerva Clayton as she stood there and glanced about her half-timidly, half-boldly, simply because we can use

no stronger; a faint idea only of the girl's wondrous beauty can be conveyed by that little word. She was clad in the richness and extravagance that unstinted wealth could afford, and which this grand event demanded from one of her station. Her dress was of the costliest material; it could be worn only once, or on an occasion similar to this. Her raven hair was gathered away from her fine brow in heavy masses—those masses laden with gittering jewels—falling even down to her waist. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, fairly blazed forth from almost every conceivable portion of her person. In her worldly grandeur she looked like some modern queen of Sheba.

"Magnificent, Minerva—Miss C'ayton—magnificent!" exclaimed the young man with enthusiasm.

"Yes grand indeed, and we as Philadelphis"

siasm.
"Yes, grand indeed; and we, as Philadelphians, should be proud of this event. But, Mr. Craig,

ans, should be proud of this event.

you can—"
She hesitated and cast her eyes down.

Young Craig anced tenderly at her.

"What—what can I—Miss Clayton?" he asked
softly, still bending his ardent gaze upon her.

"Why—yes!—you can, if you wish, call me Mineral," she returned in a voice that was scarcely and the

Heaven bless you, Minerva! You know not how

audible.

"Heaven bless you, Minerva! You know not how happy you have—"

"There, there, Ciinton—for such I will call you—stop! You may be overheard," hastily interrupted the girl as a tall, stately-looking young man, clad in elegant attire, suddenly strode by them.

This individual paused for a moment and turning toward the flashing couple, bowed low. Then as a dusky flush swept over his face, he reared his form and hurried on into the mazy throng.

That man was about thirty years of age; and despite the ominous, forbidding frown which rested on his dark, heavily-bearded face, he was a fine looking fellow. As he moved gracefully and familiarly through the swaying crowd, it was easy to see that he was perfectly at home—that, if anything, he felt himself superior to the situation. But in another moment he had bowed low before a princely woman, and was lost speedily to view, as he bore her away on his arm with the grace of a courtier.

"Algernon Floyd! he here!" exclaimed young Craig unguardedly, while his brow contracted just a little, and a bitter, vindictive fire gleamed for an instant in his eyes.

"And why not. Clinton?" asked the banker's

Craig unguardedly, while his brow contracted just a little, and a bitter, vindictive fire gleamed for an instant in his eyes.

"And why not, Clinton?" asked the banker's daughter in a low, but distinct voice, at the same time watching, furtively, the young man's face.
Clinton Craig winced under that remark: for the moment, he had forgotten that that dark-bearded young man was own blood nephew to the rich merchant who, for some or other cause, had adopted him and made him heir presumptive to a colossal fortune. He had forgotten that Algermon Foyd had more legal right to that fortune than he had, and that many wise ones had said as much right out, and endeavored, at least, to make old Thompson Floyd to divide equally his property between his nephew and his adopted son.

But Minerva Clayton still kept her eyes fastened on the young man's face. She had asked a pointed question and was waiting for an answer.

"Yes, truly," answered Clinton with some embarrassment of manner. "Algernon Floyd has as much right to come here as any one, Minerva. But —why the truth is, I did not think he was able, pecuniarily, to afford to attend the ball. You know, Minerva, tickets are ten dollars each, and."

"Exactly—where did he get the money—eh, Clinton?"

"You are right, Minerva; you are good at guess-

know, Minerva, tickets are ten dollars each, and—
"Exactly—where did he get the money—eh, Clinton?"
"You are right, Minerva; you are good at guessing; but come; we are rested now. Let us go upon the platform; I see that they are forming for the dance. We must hurry or we'll be too late. Now—good heavens! here comes Fred Ashe with—"Little Alice Ray on his arm!" interrupted Minerva, contemptuously, as she glanced superciliously at the advancing couple. "I don't like her, Clinton; and I can't bear that meddlesome, selfopinionated, rude doctor!"

Before young Craig cou'd reply to this, and ere, he could turn away—as he endeavored to do—Fred Ashe, with his lovely charge clinging c'ose to him, stood before them.

The young physician bowed respectfully, yet curtly to Minerva, scarcely noticing his friend Clinton, and hurried on.

But Alice Ray, with her auburn hair, and soft bu eyes, smiled good-naturedly on her old beau as she passed, and whispered to him guilelessly and innocently:

"I received your message, Clinton, and—yes—I was satisfied. It was all right. I hope you'll enjoy

"I received your message, Clinton, and—yes—I was satisfied. It was all right. I hope you'll enjoy

the ball."

Then she was gone.
Clinton Craig bit viciously at the ends of his sweeping mustache; but he contrived to mumble some incoherent words, and make an awkward how of acknowledgment to the fair girl who had spoken so sweetly, so confidingly to him.

But Minerva Clayton's brow was clouded with an angry scowl.

an angry scowl.
"Does that gir'—does Alice Ray ca'l you Clinton?" she asked in a hoarse whisper, as her eyes ton" she asked in a hoarse whisper, as her eyes glared upon, the young man.
"Not with my consent, Minerva," was the prompt reply; for he felt the warm, rounded arm tremble in his. "Fear not!" he hastened to say; "love for Alice Ray has no place in my heart. But we must

in his. "Fear not!" he hastened to say; "love for Alice Ray has no place in my heart. But we must go now."

Taking her hand in his, he half-drew her through the crowd to the large platform covering the entire parquette, and which had been laid for dancing.

Then at a given signal, the orchestra pealed forth its entrancing strains, and in an instant the floors were creaking under the measured tread of twenty sets. And again and again were those sets formed, and the wild, giddy dance went on. And every time Clinton Craig was Minerva's partner.

At length there came a lull; the weary dancers promenaded the platform, flushed and breathless. As young Craig stood under a gaslight chatting gayly with the banker s daughter the two were suddenly approached by Algernon Floyd. His dark face was pleasant with a winning, half-appealing smile as he bent his head low before Minerva; he did not even glance once at her companion.

"I hope," he began, in a deep but sweet and musical voice, "that I can dare ask Miss Clayton to honor me with her hand in the next set?"

He gazed fixedly at her as he made his emphasis. "Miss Clayton is engaged for the evening," said Craig, stiffly, before the girl could reply.

"No, no, Clim—Mr. Craig; I am not, 'said Minerva, hastily and spitefully. "I will dance with you, Mr. Floyd."

As she spoke, she quietly slipped her hand from young Craig's arm, and transferred it to that of the dark-faced man who towered before her.

A smile of undisguised triumph flitted for a moment over Algernon Floyd's features as he drew that round, rosy arm in his. Turning off, he bowed and said, sarcastically, to Clinton Craig:

"With your permission, sir."

In a moment more, with Minerva by his side, and Dr. Ashe with Alice Ray as vic-rais, Algernon Floyd gided away gracefully in the dance.

No one knew of the battle that had been fought that night in the bosom of the dark-bearded fellow; but, that he, poor—penniless, almost—and without expectations, had won a victory, none knew better than did Clinton Craig, the pet

THE ENSIGN OF THE REPUBLIC.—All national flags have their history, and the story of our own is not the least interesting. Its adoption by the Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, was a token that the provinces were ac quiring a national coherence. Up to that time the colonists had been fighting under no common banner. At first the "Union flags" were the red ensigns of England, with some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," or "Liberty and Property." Connecticut displayed her arms: New York armed ships the beaver; at Bunker Hill, Putnan fought under a red flag with the Connecticut egend on one side and An Appeal to Heaven" upon the other. This motto the Provinc al Congress of Massa chusetts adopted for its pine-tree flag. This was the flag borne by the first ships of war ssioned by Washington. The flag at Fort Moultrie was blue with a white crescent The "great union and the word "Liberty." raised by Washington at Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1776, consisted of 13 alternate red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned. The 13 stripes are said to have been first used as the banner of a Philadelphia troop of lighthorse in 1774 or Nearly a year elapsed after the Delaration of Independence before Congress resolved "that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes alternate white and red; that the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation," and arranged in a circle In 1794, Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted into the Union, the number of stars and stripes was augmented to 15; and this was the flag used in the war of 1812. The stripes were reduced to the original 13 in the year YOUTH.

TO CARRIE M-BY M. JOS. ADAMS.

O'er the meadows wavy
With the summer's green
In the early morning
Carrie might be seen
Skipping light and happy
As the bounding roe,
Down to where the lilies
By the way-side grow.

When the sun with golden
Rays announces day,
And the village cattle
Toil along the way.
When the air is purest—
Then she loves to roam
Through the vale and forest,
Near her cottage home.

When the birds are warbling,
Little carols sweet,
Then she loves to listen,
While her tiny feet
Dabble in the brooklet,
Winding through the green:
Pure and lovely Carrie
Happier ne er was seen.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* Youth, thou fleeting treasure!

Youth, thou fleeting treasure:
Happy are thy days!
Ere the world of fashion,
With delusive praise,
Draws thee from thy pleasures
Fraught with childish love,
Innocence invoking
Blessings from above.

# Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER:

The Pirates of the Placers. A ROMANGE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER X. THE HERMIT.

It was certainly a most disagreeable surprise not only to Little Volcano, but the two lucky prospectors as well. The brief warning crack ing-then a miniature avalanche of earth and tones, carrying with it the sprawling body of Little Volcano, landing him in a heap at the very feet of the astounded miners.

One minute before, even while turning up the precious nuggets of gold with each swiftly succeeding pick stroke, they had chucklingly ongratulated themselves upon being the only living persons with a knowledge of this won-derful bank of nature, and now—! They fell upon the struggling mass at their feet with trem-bling eagerness. There was blood in their eyes death in their hands—murder in their hearts And doubtless murder there would have been ommitted in order to preserve their golder secret, only for the presence of mind displayed by the boy miner, whose quick wits managed set his dust-laden tongue in motion.

"Skin out, pard—carry the news to Mary!
Fell 'em where you left me; and don't—"

With a flerce, snarling curse, one of the pros-pectors sprung to his feet, and snatching up his pick, dealt Little Volcano a heavy blow upon his head. Fortunately for this story the wea-pon was turned in the air by catching upon a endant twig, partially breaking the force of the blow and causing the side of the pick alone to reach its mark. Yet it seemed enough, The young man lay quivering and senseless, apparently dead, the hot blood flowing from a

long cut upon his head.
"Out and look sharp!" snarled the man who had dealt the foul stroke. "Make short work of any thief you see—if he escapes, good-by to

But only the sound of their own hasty footsteps re-echoed through the hills as they dashed here and there, more than once misled by the echoes themselves, until, feeling that all further search was useless they once more, sullen, dogged, baffled.

"We'll make sure of him, anyway," muttered the man who had stricken down Little Vol-He shall never tell tales, even if his pard does

'Durned ef I b'lieve they was anybody else -the little cuss was stuffin' of us-that's my idee," said the second, a rougher-looking, ruder personage than his comrade, yet a physiogno mist would have pronounced him the nobler brute of the two. "But mind ye, pard—no killin', ef we kin possibly do without it. I won't stan' that. But I reckon you know what I

Little Volcano was just lifting his head feebly from a pool of blood, when the two miners returned to their "pocket." Ere he could make any motion for self-defense, almost before he could realize what had occurred, the miners were upon him, and bound his hands and feet firmly enough with green withes

Slowly recollection returned. Lying in a painfully - cramped position, Little could see the two men in whose hands his life or death seemingly lay, earnestly conversing, as he believed over his fate. Only an indis tinct buzzing sound came to his ears, but he that their talk was of him-of how they could dispose of him with the greatest security to themselves. As his strength returned, the ove of life grew stronger, and with a sudde effort, into which he cast all his strength, Little Volcano sought to burst his bonds, but in vain. This did not escape the eyes of his captors, and they turned toward him. Like an inspiration came the resolve to brazen it out, believing that cool audacity would carry him through better

than by pleading and promising. "Of all the dirty tricks, this is the worst!" he cried, acting upon his resolve. "If it's your style of treating friends-'

'It's the way we treat spies," sharply re torted the taller, better educated man of the

"The mountains are free to all—unless you 've bought the right of way very lately. As for spying, I'm not in that line of business.

Even if I were, what have you done-"It's not what we've done, but what we've found," and the man pointed to the pile of golden nuggets lying close beside the captive.
"If you hadn't tumbled down here, how long would this secret have been ours? Only whil you could run to Hard Luck and spread the news of our find. But now-well, you can judge whether we will loose our hold upon you

very soon." Then you've killed him?" cried the boy

miner, in a well-disguised tone of painful anx-"They ain't no him 'round hyar, 'cept began the squat miner, before his more cunning partner could interpose.

That's enough—I was sure of it!" and Little Volcano chuckled with great glee, seemingly.
"I don't believe you had anybody with you -but if so, he will be too late to save you,' growled the tall miner, cocking a pistol.

"That may be. You over hold me this and strong enough to crack the bones of a buf-

your trail before another day, who would find with a knife and pistol, unable to fly, to re you fran before another tay, who would may you if you turned mole and dug your way into the center of the earth. That much I will say —but no more. Now go on with your rat killing!" said Little Volcano, with unchanged front, though he was far from being as composed as one would think.

The men drew aside for consultation. lad's confident speech had not been without its effect. Even the tall man hesitated to shed blood that might be so promptly and effectual-

Suddenly a new light filled the boy miner's eyes. Coming up the valley he espied a hu-man figure. Might it not be a friend? Eagerly he watched its advance. But then the look faded from his face, as he recognized the new comer for none other than Crazy Billy, the mad artist, the hermit of the hills.

At the sounds of his footsteps, the miners turned sharply around. Fate seemed working against them this day. Another witness to be disposed of, or else—what?

Coolly as though he had not seen them Crazy Billy passed them by, and stooped over the captive, severing his bonds with a knife which he drew from among his rags. But before Little Volcano could arise or draw a weapon, two revolvers covered them.

"We're running this machine, old man," said the tall miner, quietly. "You've gone far

"Easy, stranger," cried the boy miner, narply. "Just count up the cost, and see if it will pay you. Suppose you should murder us two-and unless you're mighty poor shots you can do it easy enough. We would be out of your way, sure enough, but that won't be the end of it. I have a pard who would hunt you night and day until he run you down You would lose both gold and your life. Now listen. I pledge you my honor never to speak of your strike here. As for this man—you can see that he is a crazy fellow, who knows

nothing of gold." "But thar's your pard," suggested the other

"He'll not come back without help. can't get that and return here short of twentyour hours. Inside of that time you can empty this pocket—or at least carry off all the gold you can spend in a lifetime.'

"It's the best we kin do, Wash," muttered the short man. "He means jest what he says -an' thar ain't no other way 'cept by killin';

an' that I won't stan'." Though with evident reluctance, the tall niner yielded to the force of circumstance, and Little Volcano arose, once more a free man, saved from the death that had seemed inevitable by his coolness and audacity. He took Crazy Billy's hand and shook it warmly. The hermit looked at him with a strangely longing expression upon his death-like face.

"Come-I have been looking for you a long, weary time. Come — there's work for us.

Little Volcano started, amazed. Years had passed since that name had been applied to And this strange being—a madman now could he know? Or was it a mere coinci dence? Puzzled and wondering, he followed Crazy Billy's lead, scarce giving a thought to his late captors, whose sullen eyes followed them until the intervening rocks and bushes swallowed them up, then returned to their gold-digging with redoubled energy, eager to make the most of their reprieve, little suspecting how thoroughly Little Volcano had befooled them.

For a considerable distance the boy miner followed his strange guide in silence, but then curiosity overcame his wonder, and he said:

"Now, old man, if it's all the same to you, before we go any further, I'd like to know where we are bound for-and how did you know my name was Harry?" Crazy Billy turned and looked his questioner

full in the face, then resumed his progress, muttering a few unintelligible words. Little olcano was silenced but not satisfied. He secretly resolved to find out the truth before he turned back, and then contented himself with following Crazy Billy in silence

The trail was a long and winding one. Though the sun shone out clear enough now, the boy miner was completely at a loss so far as his present whereabouts was concerned.

An hour later the hermit paused upon a narrow shelf of rock and glanced keenly around him in every direction. As though satisfied, he signed for Little Volcano to follow him, and lifting a mass of vines he entered a cave. boy miner followed, finding himself in utter darkness-but only for a moment. Strang sounds met his ear. From every side there suddenly appeared strange, luminous lights ever in pairs, and a peculiar odor came to his nostrils. He knew that he was in a den of wild beasts, and instinctively he felt for a weapon. At that moment the cavern was lighted up by a lamp of unusual brilliancy, held by the hands of Crazy Billy.

In silent wonder the boy miner gazed around him. Upon every side of him crouched snarling animals, showing their gleaming fangs. Panthers, bears—even one mammoth grizzly volves; smaller and less harmful animals Snakes glided here and there, now hissing venomously, now sounding a shrill whirring rattle: owls blinked from their perches above. and frogs croaked from the further corner. where stood a pool of slimy water.

And—strangest of all—Crazy Billy stood with eyes riveted upon a wide canvas, stretched upon two poles. Upon this canvas, only on a larger scale, were the same drawings which had so startled Long Tom at the hotel. The hermit's face was working horribly—he seemed like one being slowly choked. Strange sounds came from his throat. The animals aroused began to growl and snarl louder—particularly one huge, sleek panther, who was straining hard

A shrill, but husky, choking cry burst from the hermit's lips—the lamp fell from his hands, as he sunk writhing to the floor. The beasts yelled madly and rattled their chains. sharp, jingling sound-and by the light of the fallen lamp Little Volcano saw the panther spring forward. Weighed down by its spring. he gave one wild scream—then all was blank!

> CHAPTER XI. SLEEPY GEORGE IS AWAKENED.

JUST at that moment Sleepy George would have sold out cheap—had a purchaser presented himself. Upon a narrow ledge of rock with a perpendicular wall upon one side that could scaled without assistance; a sheer descent of a hundred feet on the other, with ragged spurs of rock and dark, frost-roughened bowlders lying in readiness to welcome him to his death: and before him the big-jointed, shaggy-coated grizzly bear, its little yellow eyes beginning to glow and redden, its flabby lips to

draw back and uncover those white teeth, large

time. You can rub me out easy enough, seeing I am trussed up like a hog. But that will only be the beginning. There will be those upon twenty and how the seeing is the measure for work—while he, only armed the seeing is the seeing in the seeing is the see in the seeing is the seeing in the seeing is the see in treat, yet feeling morally certain that his death must follow a collision upon that narrow list truly, his situation was anything but agree

The grizzly clumsily rose upright, waving i's ore-paws in eccentric circles as though bur-esquing the guard of some fistic champion, and as Sleepy George afterward solemnly affirmed, when fighting his battles o'er again-with a broad grin upon its hairy face roguishly wink el its dexter eye at the corraled bummer.

Sleepy George was not wholly a coward—though, when cornered, a craven often proves himself a dangerous antagonist; and as he saw that the beast "meant business." he drew a re volver and cocked it, at the same time shuffling back a few steps. The sharp click seemed to enrage the grizzly. At least, with a deep, rumbling grawl, it waddled forward, jaws and fore arms opened wide.

Sleepy George fired twice in rapid succession. A wild snarling yell told that the brute was hard hit—then, as it plunged forward to close with him, the bummer's despair-born courage failed him. Dropping the smoking revolver Sleepy George turned and scrambled along the narrow ledge, hoping to find some refuge, if only a point so narrow that the huge beast could not pass it.

The point was found—but to his horror Sleepy George saw that his own progress was effectually barred. The ledge ended in that direction with a narrow curve of crumbling, frost-eaten rock; it would have given way beneath the weight of a squirrel, much less a

At that moment the clear, whip-like report of a rifle smote his ear, followed by a scrambling noise—then a heavy, lifeless thud, coming from far below him. And before he could realize what had occurred, a well-known voice

called out: "Bully fer you, old pard! You done it up fust class, I tell ye! Jest take it easy fer a minnit; I'll come and lend you a boost soon's

I peel this varmint." Sleepy George peered tremblingly over the dge. At the bottom of the canyon, he saw the form of Zimri Coon, rapidly reloading his rifle; and beside him lay the body of the griz dy bear. It was a puzzle to him—the more so as he saw the old man lay aside his rifle and draw a knife to skin the bear. Surely Coon had led him into this trap, then abandoned him to his fate, meaning that he should die—else why had he snatched away the grape-vine, thus

cutting off all retreat? And then, as the fear of death slowly lessen ed, a longing for revenge took its place, and Sleepy George caught himself fingering his pis ol, and as through a mist of blood saw the form of the old man lying beside the dead bear, as lifeless and motionless as it Yet, as he sought to steady his weapon, his hand trembled like those of a man with the ague, and he lowered the pistol, but not quickly enough to escape the

attention of Coon. "Easy, thar, pard!" he cried, sharply, glang upward. "The b'ar is dead enough, as cing upward. you mought see of you only open your eyes. I pulled on it—an' never yet did I hey to send two bullets at the same mark.

Sleepy George knew what these words meant, and the knowledge that he was afraid to risk the shot, only increased the bitter hatred which he now felt for the old man. Sullenly enough he waited, yet with each passing minute repeating a bitter black oath to pay his debt, though years and years should pass over his head before the chance came.

Zimri Coon finished his skinning the grizzly, then called to Sleepy George, bidding him return to the blasted tree and await his coming, and with the pelt upon his shoulder he disap peared up the canyon. The bummer obeyed because there was nothing better for him to do but hardly daring to hope that Coon would keep his word. His fears were soon dissipated. The sound of footsteps echoed overhead, and then a coil of grape-vine fell at his feet. Grasphis strange partner, soon found himself landed safely upon the hillside.

"Thar—ef I do say it as hadn't ort—that was jest the slickest bit o' work I've seed for a coon's age," complacently remarked Zimri, dis-

playing the huge skin with a low, oily chuckle. You knowed he was thar, all the time, muttered Sleepy George, half in doubt, an evil glare in his bleared eye.

"Sure!" you don't think I'd waste so much time on a chaince, do ye? Not much! that ain't my sort. I trapped that varmint, nigh a week sence. It tuck to its hole, and I couldn't draw it nohow, 'less I'd 'a' follered him insidewhich mought 'a' bin onhealthy. So I jest blasted off a bit o' rock—the point whar stopped—an' left 'im thar ontel he should get hungry enough to come out for my bait-"You tuck me fer the bait, I s'pose," inter-

rupted the bummer, with a sickly grin. "Yas-I knowed he'd smell you soon 's you got down thar," grinned Coon, glancing at the greasy, strong-scented garments of the bummer. "Old man, you'd make a 'pendent fortune a-hirin' out as bait—you would so! They ain't nothin' as could resist ye—from a Chinook squaw down to a hop-toad. But thar-don't git your back up 'count of a little joke—I don't reckon it d be fun fer either on us to quarrel. know what I told ve. I want a pardner in the richest old strike as ever was hearn tell on—but that pardner must be a man, clean through. I picked you out, as I said, but it's my rule to prove everythin', fust. This is the way I proved

You stood it like a little man-"I won't fergit it none too soon-vou be sure o' that," slowly uttered Sleepy George, picking at the ground with his long knife. 'I've got the best memory you ever saw. "It was a close rub—I didn't think the

blame warmint would let hisself be drawed so easy, or I'd 'a' waited fer him up hyar. I was 'most too late—but a' inch of a miss A chorus of horrible vells and screeches in

terrupted Zimri. The yelling of a panther, the roaring growls of bears, were mingled with shriller yells—and blended with them were the sounds of a human voice, raised in mortal ago ny or deadly fear.

"They's deviltry goin' on thar—foller me ef you've got a speck o' man in ye!" grated Zim-ri, catching up his rifle and darting along the hillside in the direction from whence proceeded the frightful sounds.

He was just in time to see a mass of vines part, and the form of a human being stagger out and fall to the ground like one dead. Brief as was the glance, Coon recognized the person, and with a hoarse, angry cry he sprung to his side. It was the body of Little Volcano, as he suspected.

Seemingly from the heart of the mountain came the wild chorus, now lulling, only to burst forth anew with redoubled fury—as though the fiends of Tartarus were serenading

their king and master.

little distance before speaking. Then, seeing that no pursuit was made, he paused and forced a little whisky down the boy miner's throat.

The remedy was effectual, Gasping for breath, he lifted his head, staring around with a puzzled look. But then, as memory returned, he arose, feeling for a weapon, and said:
"Quick—old man—come! The wild beasts

are loose and he will be killed! Hurry-'Who-" began Coon, but Little Volcano paused for no questions, running back toward the cave, and the old man could only follow,

bewildered, yet ready for work.

The wild yells had died away. Instead came a low, mournful sound, as of some one moaning

Little Volcano raised the leafy screen, then paused, as a gasping moan came to his ears. Zimri followed, and his eyes dilated with amazement at the weird tableau lying before

Close to the still burning lamp lay the form of Crazy Billy, the hermit. Beside him crouched a lithe panther, its paws resting upon his breast, and—strange sight!—licking his face with its long, moist tongue, the while uttering a low, mournful whine.

That the hermit was not dead was proved as they stared. One arm moved and wound itself around the panther's neck. And then, ceasing its mourning, the animal lowered its head upon the hermit's breast, purring loudly as though grateful for this little action.

"Come," said Coon, dropping the screen.
"We cain't do nothin' here, even ef we tried. That painter would be at our throats the fust touch we gave its master—an'it'd go hard with me to kill the critter, a'ter that!

"He must have been in a fit," muttered Lit-tle Volcano, retreating with reluctance, though knowing that the words of Coon were naught but truth.

"He is gittin' over it, though—you saw him move his arm. Mebbe he'll come out pritty soon, ef we wait. Anyhow, they ain't no hur-ry, an' while we're waitin', jist tell a feller how u've made out prospectin', an' how you came

Nothing could be seen of Sleepy George, and believing he had fled from the spot in terror, old Zimri gave him no further thought.

Little Volcano obeyed; briefly narrating his ill-fortune in gold-seeking, then detailing more at length the events of that day. Silently, yet with strong interest, Zimri listened to the lad's encounter with Joaquin Murieta and his wife the story the outlaw had told-the attack and

all that had followed since. "You was lucky to git off so easy," at length remarked Coon, thoughtfully. "But, lad, pray the Lord nobody ever finds out Joaquin called an' treated you like a fri'nd. It'd be your death. They's a storm a-brewin' fast as'll bu'st over this land an' sweep him an' his an' everybody as is s'picioned to ever had anythin' to do with him, down to never come back ag'in-jest as sure as cats ain't dogs. But let that go. You said they couldn't none on 'em seen ye clost enough to know ye ag'in. Then that paper-le's have a squint at it, anyhow.

Little Volcano produced the chart given him by Joaquin, and Zimri pored over it in silence while he told what the outlaw had said of its wonderful richness. To his great delight, Coon declared that he knew the landmarks mention-

ed—that he could easily find the spot—
He abruptly paused, then darted nimbly into
the bushes. He saw a man lying as if asleep, indeed snoring loudly! Sleepy George seemed true to his name.

But even he could not sleep beneath such a torm of kicks and curses as he now received "You pizen cuss! Git up an' waddle—puck-achee—skin out o'this afore I git mad an' chaw ye to nothin'. A-listenin' thar like a snake—

In vain did the bummer protest that he had heard nothing—that he had been sound asleep. The lie was too barefaced. For one minute Zimri felt strongly tempted to put a bullet through his brain, and thus end all danger, and had Sleepy George, aided from above by his strange partner, soon found himself landed resistance, that he would assuredly have done. But the bummer slunk away like a whipped cur, nor turned until beyond view, then the venom of his evil heart burst forth in a horrible, blasphemous oath of revenge.

> CHAPTER XII. COURTING AND FIGHTING.

THE Sabbath sun looked down upon the classic town of Hard Luck—and it was a Sabbath day long to be remembered by the natives. The redoubtable Walking John, who had promised his up-country friend, Tanglefoot, a gay specimen of metropolitan enterprise on the day of rest," audibly expressed his disgust. Durn the contrairy luck! sich another qui-

et day was never knowed in these parts—an'

jest beca'se a feller's lookin' fer some fun—it's

Hard Luck was unwontedly quiet, even for a week day-while for Sunday-that eagerlywelcomed day of nothing to do but drink and gamble, roister and fight, when ye gentle miner spreads himself in a manner wonderful to behold—that calm Sabbath day might be likened to the quietness of the tomb. True, occasion ally arose the familiar yell of some drunken digger, and twice word was spread of a fightbut they proved to be nothing more elevated than a paltry rough-and-tumble between fel-

lows too drunk even to pull hair scientifically And so, with a foreboding sigh, Walking John murmured his fear that Hard Luck was going to get religion.

The quiet was not unlike that which often ecedes a startling convulsion of nature. There seemed to be a storm brewing. Men gathered in little knots, conversing in low, stern tones. It might have been noted that these men were nearly all of them of the more repuable citizens, as the world went in Hard Luck. Many an anxious glance was cast toward these groups, and more than one "tough case" privately determined to make a moonlight flitting without waiting the chance of being warned-

Long Tom emerged from his door, dressed in his finest suit of broadcloth, with glossy beaver and highly-polished boots; his daintily-embroidered shirt-front lightened up by gleaming diamond studs and pin -"fixed up like he was goin' courtin', 'as one rough digger laughed to another—in an aside, though, for Long Tom was only too well known as being "on the shoot, from the word git up," for any common man to venture a liberty with him.

Yet the ironical remark hit the bull's-eye of Long Tom, the gentleman gambler of Hard Luck, was bound upon a mission of love as he would have construed it. past—ever since the day when Billy Breeze piloted the "Wide Awake" down the "Devil's Chute" without brakes, Long Tom had been making up his mind to a bold game—holding, as he believed, winning cards in his own hand "Save him—save him, for God's sake!" gasped the boy miner, as he felt human hands ten-

what, in him, might be called love. Undoubtedly he was sincere enough and he meant to treat her well—to turn over a new leaf—when

It was with a strange tremor that he entered the Miner's Rest—strange in a man who was noted for his iron nerves and icy self-control. Yet Long Tom caught himself fairly trembling as he caught sight of Mary Morton seated in the little "office," writing. But with a muttered curse on his folly, the gambler quietly addressed her, with the politeness he had ever shown her, after that unlucky move when Little Volcano so sharply rebuked his inso-

Mary replied, not without a faint flush. Young as she was, she was yet old enough to have noticed Long Tom's respectful admiration; and though she would have laughed at the idea of ever becoming her lover, it was pleasing to her vanity, this distant homage from the hand somest, best-dressed man in town-gambler

As he noted her confusion, Long Tom grev more composed, and carefully followed out the rogramme he had formed in his own mind. After a few commonplaces, he began:

"Miss Mary, I want to have a sober talk with Will you take a walk with me?" you. Will you take a walk with me?"
"Indeed, I never go out, Mr. ——" and she hesitated, just on the point of adding his sobri-

"I hardly dared expect it," he added, easily. "And yet I did hope you would have enough confidence in me to comply. However, it matters little. What I have to say can be spoken

"I do not know what you can have to say to me," murmured Mary, her cheek flushing still deeper. "I am very busy—I have the accounts to make up-

"There is another day coming—and this is not work fit for you. You were meant for something better-"It suits me-I have no wish for anything

better," a little sharply. "But others may for you," he added, quiet-"And that brings me back to my business Miss Mary, you have lived here long enough to

know what I am—a gambler; but for all that I claim to be a gentleman, in business and out of business. I run no 'brace game.' I give every man a fair chance for his money. But let that pass. "I am a man; and being such, I have a man's feeling and hopes. You must have seen how matters have been going with me lately.

You must know that I love you-"Stop!" cried Mary, turning pale. "This must not go any further-I must not listen-" "Pardon—but you must listen. I have a right to say that, as every man has who loves from his heart. You must listen to me some time-why not now as well as to-morrow, or

next day—or a year from now? I said that I love you—so I do. I will wait, if you ask me -only you must hear me first. "It will be of no use—why not spare us both this useless pain?" faltered the maiden; but Long Tom, like many another gambler, would

hope against hope.
"If it is useless, then the ill-luck is mine; but many a fortune has been lost because the play-er was too faint-hearted to play his hand out. Let me have my say-then will come your turn. You may have heard men talk of my being rich; though they were right, they little knew the truth of what they said. I am rich-I can count my thousands up in the hundreds. It is all yours, if you say so. Only-with it I

"Sir," said Mary, rising to her feet, her face le and cold. "I warned you that words pale and cold. were useless in this case. You persisted. You have spoken plainly. So will I. You say you are rich. I do not ask how that wealth was obtained. I don't suppose you yourself can tell how many souls that gold has cost. But let that pass, as you said. As for your offer, I can only refuse it—stop! Let me finish, once Though you could turn yonder mountain into gold and lay it at my feet, I would refuse it. From this you can judge how little chance there is of my ever loving you-

"Take care!" muttered Long Tom, the devil showing in his eyes. "Don't drive me too

"You can only blame yourself. Think of our first meeting—an insult—if you have forgotten it, I have not."

'I was mad— "Just as you are now. Take my answer once for all, and never think of my changing

"Change it you shall—and that, too, before we part this day," grated Long Tom, his eyes glowing. "I have yet a card to play-one I hoped you would not force me to show. Do you think I am ignorant of your object in com-

ing here? Shall I tell you-'Sir, you have said too much already. Leave me now-or shall I call for help?

"It would not be healthy for those who come," and Long Tom laughed softly. "I'm afraid there would be matter lying around for at least one funeral. Call, if you will, and I will tell them what you refuse to hear-The sentence was abruptly ended. A dusky

face suddenly arose before that of the gambler, silently as a ghost. But never ghost yet wore that sleepy, innocent smile—even if a ghost was partial to almond eyes and dangling pigtail, not to speak of a faint smoky smell, the peculiar inheritance of all Celestials.
"Missee tellee you go—Chough Lee tellee

you lun, dam klick!" murmured the Celestial, still smiling.

Long Tom uttered a fierce curse and raised his clenched fist, but the intended blow did not fall. The muzzle of a gold-mounted pistol stared him full in the face. He thrust his hand into his bosom—but the pistol was gone. By what magic Chough Lee had conjured it from its close resting-place, he never knew; enough that it now threatened his life.

Just how the matter would have ended, can only be surmised, for, at that moment, a man breathlessly entered the room, crying: "You're wanted, boss! Thar's the deuce to pay at the house! Little Cassino's rubbed out, an' Yazoo, he's knocked higher'n a kite-hurry

thar's the devil to pay! Long Tom darted out at the door and raced toward his gambling-house. Sunday was his great harvest day, and this was the first time he had ever left its management to his men

He could hear the sound of pistol-shots, mingled with wild yells and crashing of furniture. And then he saw a big man leap bodily through the front window, carrying sash and all with him, brandishing a revolver in each hand, and

"Whoo-ee! cl'ar the track an' let a man Hyar I stan', little Wolverine, a babby in britches—whar's the old man as wants to spank me fer cuttin' up Jack? Who'll squat on me to keep my b'iler from bu'stin'—loose the breechin' or the hull rig goes to 'tarnal smash! I kin blow a harrycane, spit a river, cough up thunder, melt a chunk o' ice 'th one squintan' not hafe try! I pick my teeth with streaks | ing room; and, crouching in corners, or flying o' lightnin', comb my ha'r with a pine tree, an' distractedly about—true to their sex—made

when I blow my nose it rains cannon-balls-

'And when you get a little whisky in, you make a cursed fool of yourself, Bill Jackson! cried a sharp voice, as a small man dressed in gray pushed through the crowd and confronted the blustering giant.

Wolverine stared in amaze at the bold speak er, scarce crediting his ears. But the little man came still closer, and though he bore no visible weapon, he acted like one already mas-

"Let up on that, old man," he added, as the man was about to resume his tirade. "I haven't time for fooling. You've run your rope to an end-

"Who'll take me? Who's the man-"Im the man, you drunken bloat!" screamed the little man, leaping forward and closing with the giant, before he could use his weapons. You've run too long-right here you come to

For a moment there was a fierce struggle, then both fell to the ground. But almost instantly the little man arose, while Wolverine ay with handcuffs on.

It was at this juncture that Long Tom came up, and the little man glided up beside him, aying, softly: 'I was just coming after you, Long Tom-

With a fierce curse the gambler wrested him-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

#### THE END OF IT ALL.

BY NELLIE C. HASTINGS.

Look into my eyes, dear
Ere the night comes on;
Bend down your face, dear—
It is almost done!
As the old links softly break—
I shall sleep, and you must wake;
Kiss me at the last, dear,
Ere I go!

I have waited long, love,
For the End of all;
For the blessed silence—
Formy Father's call;
Waited for the deathly peace,
For the glory—the release;
And for one last smile, love,
Ere I go!

Long and long ago, dear,
All my dream was done,
And the years have died, dear,
Empty, one by one,
I have liyed—to find the end—
And it comes now— Oh, my friend!
Let one last word bless me
Ere I go!

Look into mine eyes, dear,
Ere the shadows fall—
I have lived and loved, dear—
Loved, and this is all!
Look into mine eyes and see
How they bless you—and for me,
Pity me—and kiss me
Ere I go!

Look into my face, dear-Thave no more pain;
Smile upon me now, dear,
Only once again.
Ah! you turn your head away!
Darling!—I am dying—say—
Ere I go?

All the weary years, dear, All the weary years, dear,
Life and pain are o'er;
And I find my Heaven
Just at Death's dark shore!
Shame and silence both are past—
I can tell now, at last—
Oh, my love!—I love you,
Ere I go!

#### LA MASQUE,

### Vailed Sorceress; THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC.

"ALLOW me to differ from you," said Sir Norman, politely, as he evaded the blindly-frantic lunge of the dwarf's sword, and inserted an inch or two of the point of his own in that enraged little prince's anatomy. "So far from my hour having come—if you will take the trouble to reflect upon it—you will find it is the reverse, and that my little friend's brief and brilliant career is rapidly drawing to a

At these bland remarks, and at the sharp thrust that accompanied them, the dwarf's previous war-dance of anxiety was nothing to the hornpipe of exasperation he went through when Sir Norman ceased. The blood was from his side, and from the point of his adversary's sword, as he withdrew it; and, maddened like a wild beast at the sight of his own blood, he screeched and foamed, and kicked about his stout little legs, and gnashed his teeth, and made grabs at his wig, and lashed the air with his sword, and made such desperate pokes with it, at Sir Norman and everybody else who came in his way, that, for the public good, the young knight ran him through the sword-arm, and, in spite of all his distracted didoes, captured him by the help of Herbert, and passed him over to the soldiers to cheer and keep

ompany with the duke.

This brisk little affair being over, Sir Norman had time to look about him. It had all passed in so short a space, and the dwarf had been so desperately frantic, that the rest had paused involuntarily, and were still looking on. Missing the count, he glanced around the room, and discovered him standing on Miranda's throne, looking over the company with the cool air of a conqueror. Miranda, aroused, as she very well might be by all this screaming and fighting, had partly raised herself upon her el-bow, and was looking wildly about her. As her eye fell on Sir Norman, she sat fairly erect,

with a cry of exultation and joy: "You have come, you have come, as I knew you would," she excitedly cried, "and the hour

of retribution is at hand! At the words of one who, a few moments be fore, they had supposed to be dead, an awe-struck silence fell; and the count, taking advantage of it, waved his hand, and cried:

Yield yourselves prisoners, I command you! The royal guards are without; and the first of you who offers the slightest resistance will die like a dog! Ho, guards! enter, and seize your prisoners!

Quick as thought the room was full of soldiers; but the rest of the order was easier said than obeyed. The robbers, knowing their doom was death, fought with the fury of desperation, and a short, wild and terrible conflict ensued. Foremost in the melee was Sir Norman and the count; while Hubert, who had taken possession of the dwarf's sword, fought like a young lion. The shrieks of the women were heart-rending, as they all fled, precipitately, into the blue din-

the air resound with the most lamentable cries. Some five or six, braver than the rest, alone remained; and more than one of these actually mixed in the affray, with a heroism worthy a better cause. Miranda, still sitting erect, and supported in the arms of a kneeling and trem-bling sylph in white, watched the conflict with erribly-exultant eyes, that blazed brighter and righter with the lurid fires of vengeful joy at very robber that fell.

"Oh, that I were strong enough to wield a word!" was her fierce aspiration every instant.
'if I could only mix in that battle for five min-

ites, I could die with a happy heart!"

Had she been able to wield a sword for five ninutes, according to her wish, she would proably have wielded it from beginning to end of the battle: for it did not last much longer than The robbers fought with fury and ferocity; but they had been taken by surprise, and were overpowered by numbers, and obliged to

The crimson court was indeed crimson now for the velvet carpeting was dyed a more terrible red, and was slippery with a rain of blood A score of dead and dying lay groaning on the ground; and the rest, beaten and bloody, gave up their swords, and surrendered.

"You should have done this at first!" said the count, coolly wiping his blood-stained wea on, and replacing it in its sheath; "and, by o doing, saved some time and more bloodshed Where are all the fair ladies, Kingsley, I saw

here when we entered first?"

"They fled like a flock of frightened deer, said Hubert, taking it upon himself to answer "through yonder archway when the fight com-menced. I will go in search of them, if you

"I am rather at a loss what to do with them,' said the count, half-laughing. "It would be a pity to bring such a cavalcade of pretty women into the city to die of the plague. Can you suggest nothing, Sir Norman?

"Nothing, but to leave them here to take care of themselves, or let them go free." "They would be a great addition to the court at Whitehall," suggested Hubert, in his pretti-est tone; "and a thousand times handsomer than half the damsels there. There, for instance, is one a dozen times more beautiful than

Mistress Stuart herself! Leaning, in his nonchalant way, on the hilt of his sword, he pointed to Miranda, whose fiercely-joyful eyes were fixed with a glance that made the three of them shudder, on the bloody floor and the heap of slain.
"Who is that?" asked the count, curiously

"Why is she perched up there, and why does she bear such an extraordinary resemblance to Leoline? Do you know anything about her, Kingsley?"

I know she is the wife of that unlovely little man, whose howls in yonder passage you can hear, if you listen, and that she was the queen of this midnight court, and is wounded, if not dying, now!" I never saw such fierce eyes before in a fe-

male head! One would think she fairly exulted in this wholesale slaughter of her subjects. "So she does; and she hates both her husband and her subjects, with an intensity you cannot conceive of."

"How very like royalty!" observed Hubert, in parenthesis. "If she were a real queen, she could not act more naturally."

Sir Norman smiled, and the count glanced at the audacious page suspiciously; but Hubert's face was touching to witness, in its innocent unconsciousness. Miranda, looking up at the same time, caught the young knight's eye, and inconsciousness. made a motion for him to approach. She held out both her hands to him as he came near, with the same look of dreadful delight.

"Sir Norman Kingsley, I am dying, and my last words are in thanksgiving to you for hav-

ing thus avenged me!"
"Let us hope you have many days to live
yet, fair lady," said Sir Norman, with the same feeling of repulsion he had experienced in the dungeon. "I am sorry you have been obliged to witness this terrible scene.

"Sorry!" she cried, flercely. "Why, since the first hour I remember at all, I remember nothing that has given me such joy as what has assed now; my only regret is that I did not see them all die before my eyes! Sorry! I tell you I would not have missed it for ten thousand worlds!'

"Madam, you must not talk like this!" said Sir Norman, almose sternly. "Heaven forbid there should exist a woman who could rejoice in bloodshed and death. You do not, I know You wrong yourself and your own nature in saying so. Be calm, now; do not excite your-You shall come with us, and be properly cared for; and I feel certain you have a long and happy life before you yet.

"Who are those men?" she said, not heeding him, "and who-ah, great Heaven! What is

In looking round, she had met Hubert face to face. She knew that that face was her own and, with a horror stamped on every feature that no words can depict, she fell back, with a terrible scream, and was dead!

Sir Norman was so shocked by the suddenness of the last catastrophe, that, for some time, he could not realize that she had actually expired, until he bent over her, and placed his ear to her lips. No breath was there; no pulse stirred in that fierce heart—the Midnight Queen was indeed dead!

'Oh, this is fearful!" exclaimed Sir Norman, pale and horrified. The sight of Hubert, and his wonderful re semblance to her, has completed what her wound and this excitement began. Her last is

breathed on earth!" 'Peace be with her!" said the count, remov ing his hat, which, up to the present, he had worn. "And now, Sir Norman, if we are to keep our engagement at sunrise, we had better be on the move; for, unless I am greatly mis taken, the sky is already gray with day-dawn. "What are your commands?" asked Sir Nor man, turning away, with a sigh, from the beau-

tiful form already stiffening in death. 'That you come with me to seek out those frightened fair ones, who are a great deal too lovely to share the fate of their male compan-I shall give them their liberty to go where they please, on condition that they do the contenter the city. We have enough vile of still! not enter the city.

their class there already. Sir Norman silently followed him into the azure and silver saloon, where the crowd of duchesses and countesses were "weeping and wringing their hands," and as white as so many pretty ghosts. In a somewhat brief and forci e manner, considering his characteristic gal lantry, the count made his proposal, which, with feelings of pleasure and relief, was at once acceded to; and the two gentlemen bowed them-

selves out, and left the startled ladies. On returning to the crimson court, he com manded a number of his soldiers to remain and bury the dead, and assist the wounded; and then, followed by the remainder and the prisoners under their charge, passed out, and were such a promise from me! Oh, I warned him soon from the heated atmosphere in the cool again, and again. I told him how it morning air. The moon was still serenely would be—I begged him to desist, but no, he shining, but the stars that keep the earliest was blind, he was mad; he would rush on his

hours were setting, and the eastern sky was growing light with the hazy gray of coming

"I told you day-dawn was at hand," said the count, as he sprung into his saddle; "and, lo! in the sky it is gray already.

"It is time for it!" said Sir Norman, as he, too, got into his seat; "this has been the longest night I have ever known, and the most eventful one of my life. 'And the end is not yet! Leoline waits to

decide between us!" Sir Norman shrugged his shoulders.

"True! But I have little doubt what that decision will be! I presume you will have to deliver up your prisoners before you can visit her, and I will avail myself of the opportunity to snatch a few moments to fulfill a melancholy duty of my own.

"As you please. I have no objection; but in that case you will need some one to guide you to the place of rendezvous; so I will order my private attendant yonder, to keep you in sight, and guide you to me when your business

The count had given the order to start, the noment they had left the ruin, and the convercation had been carried on while riding at a break-neck gallop. Sir Norman thanked him for his offer, and they rode in silence until they reached the city, and their paths diverged; Sin Norman's leading to the anothecary shop where he had left Ormiston, and the count's leadinghe knew best where. George—the attendant referred to—joined the knight, and leaving his horse in his care, Sir Norman entered the shop, and encountered the spectral proprietor at the door.

"What of my friend?" was his eager inquiy. "Has he yet shown signs of returning

consciousness?" "Alas, no!" replied the apothecary, with a groan, that came wailing up like a whistle he was so excessively dead, that there was no ise keeping him; and as the room was wanted for other purposes, I-pray, my dear sir, don't ook so violent—I put him in the pest-cart and

had him buried." "In the plague-pit!" shouted Sir Norman making a spring at him; but the man darted off like a ghostly flash into the inner room, and losed and bolted the door in a twinkling. Norman kicked at it spitefully, but it resisted his every effort; and, overcoming a strong empation to smash every bottle in the shop, he sprung once more into the saddle, and rode off to the plague-pit. It was the second time within the last twelve hours he had stood there and, on the previous occasion, he who now lay in it, had stood by his side. He looked down sickened and horror-struck at the dreadful seething, cracking mass, and thought how little either of them dreamed that one was so soon to be buried in its loathsome depths. Pernaps, before another morning, he, too, might be there; and, feeling his blood run cold at the thought, he was turning away, when some one came rapidly up, and sunk down with a moan ing, gasping cry on its very edge. That shape—tall and slender, and graceful—he well knew; and leaning over he laid his hand on her shoul

der, and exclaimed:
"La Masque!"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT WAS BEHIND THE MASK. THE cowering form rose up; but, seeing who t was, sunk down again, with its face grovel-ng in the dust, and with another prolonged,

noaning cry "Madame Masque!" he said, wonderingly what is this?" He bent to raise her; but, with a sort of

eream, she held out her arms to keep him "No, no, no! Touch me not! Hate me—kill ne! I have murdered your friend!"

Sir Norman recoiled as if from a deadly ser-"Murdered him! Madame, in Heaven's name what have you said?" "Oh, I have not stabbed him, or poisoned

him, or shot him; but I am his murderer, nevertheless!" she wailed, writhing in a sort of gnawing inward torture.

"Madame, I do not understand you at all! Surely you are raving when you talk like Still moaning on the edge of the plague-pit

she half rose up, with both hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if she would have held back from all human ken the anguish that was destroying her. -no! I am not mad-pray Heaven I

were! Oh, that they had strangled me in the first hour of my birth, as they would a viper, rather than I should have lived through all this life of misery and guilt, to end it by this last, worst crime of all!" Sir Norman stood and looked at her still "far

He knew well enough whose murderer wide." she called herself; but why she did so, or how she could possibly bring about his death was a mystery altogether too perplexed for him to

"Madame, compose yourself, I beseech you, and tell me what you mean. It is to my friend, Ormiston, you allude—is it not?" Yes-yes! surely you need not ask. "I know that he is dead and buried in this

horrible place; but why you should accuse yourself of murdering him, I confess I do not 'Then you shall!" she cried, passionately. 'And you will wonder at it no longer! You are the last one to whom the revelation can be

made on earth; and, now that my hours are numbered, it matters little whether it is told or not! Was it not you who first found him "It was I-yes. And how he came to his

end, I have been puzzling myself in vain to discover ever since." She rose up, drew herself to her full majes-tic hight, and looked at him with a terrible

'Shall I tell you?" "You have had no hand in it," he answered with a cold chill at the tone and look, "for he

loved you! "I have had a hand in it—I alone have been the cause of it! But for me he would be living

"Madame!" exclaimed Sir Norman, in hor-"You need not look as if you thought me mad, for I tell you it is Heaven's truth! You say right—he loved me; but for that love he

would be living now!' "You are speaking riddles which I can not read. How could that love have caused his death, since his dearest wishes were to be grant-

ed to-night?" 'He told you that, did he?" "He did. He told me you were to remove your mask; and if, on seeing you, he still loved

you, you were to be his wife. 'Then woe to him for ever having extorted such a promise from me! Oh, I warned him

the same moaning of anguish.

"Do I hear aright?" said Sir Norman, looking at her, and really doubting if his ears had not deceived him. "Do you mean to say that, in keeping your word and showing him your face, you have caused his death?"
"I do! I had warned him of it before. I

own doom! I fulfilled my promise, and behold

She pointed with a frantic gesture to the plague-pit, and wrung her beautiful hands with

the result!

told him there were sights too horrible to look on and live, but nothing would convince him! Oh, why was the curse of life ever bestowed upon such a hideous thing as I!"

Sir Norman gazed at her in a state of hopeless bewilderment. He had thought, from the moment he saw her first, that there was something wrong with her brain, to make her act in such a mysterious, eccentric sort of way; but he had never positively thought her so far gone as this. In his own mind, he set her down, now, as being as mad as a March hare, and accordingly answered in that soothing tone people use to imbeciles:

"My dear Madame Masque, pray do not excite yourself, or say such dreadful things. I am sure you would not willfully cause the death of any one, much less that of one who loved you as he did."

La Masque broke into a wild laugh, almost worse to hear than her former despairing moans.

"The man thinks me mad! He will not believe, unless he sees and knows for himself! Perhaps you, too, Sir Norman Kingsley," she eried, changing into sudden fierceness, like to see the face behind this mask?-would like to see what has slain your friend, and share

"Certainly," said Sir Norman, "I should like to see it; and I think I may safely promise not to die from the effects. But surely, madame, you deceive yourself; no face, however ugly—even supposing you to possess such a one—could produce such dismay as to cause death.

"You shall see." She was looking down into the plague-pit, standing so close to its cracking edge, that Sir Norman's blood ran cold, in the momentary expectation to see her slip and fall headlong in. Her voice was less fierce and less wild, but her hands were still clasped tightly over her heart, as if to ease the unutterable pain there. denly, she looked up, and said, in an altered tone:

"And found her again. She is in the power of one Count L'Estrange."

"And if in his power, pray, how have you found her?" "Because we are both to meet in her presence within this very hour, and she is to decide between us."

"Has Count L'Estrange promised you this?" "He has."

"And you have no doubt what her decision may be?" "Not the slightest." "How came you to know that she was car-

ried off by this count?" "He confessed it himself."

"No; I taxed him with it, and he owned to the deed; but he voluntarily promised to take ne to her, and abide by her decision." "Extraordinary!" said La Masque, as if herself. "Whimsical as he is, I scarcely

expected he would give her up so easily as "Then you know him, madame?" said Sir

Norman, pointedly.
"There are few things I do not know, and are disguises I can not penetrate. So you have discovered it. too?"

"No, madame, my eyes were not sharp enough, nor had I sufficient cleverness, even, for that. It was Hubert, the Earl of Rochester's page, who told me who he was."
"Ah, the page! said La Masque, quickly."
You have then been speaking to him? What

do you think of his resemblance to Leoline?"
"I think it is the most astonishing resemblance I ever saw. But he is not the only one who bears Leoline's face

'And the other is?" "The other is she whom you sent me to see in the old ruins. Madame, I wish you would ell me the secret of this wonderful likeness; for am certain you know, and I am equally cer-

tain it is not accidental. "You are right. Leoline knows already; for, with the presentiment that my end was near, I visited her when you left, and gave her her whole history, in writing. The explanation is simple enough. Leoline, Miranda, and Hubert, are sisters and brother."

Some misty idea that such was the case had been struggling through Sir Norman's slow mind, unformed and without shape, ever since he had seen the trio; therefore he was not the least astonished when he heard the fact nounced. Only in one thing he was a little disappointed.

Then Hubert is really a boy?" he said, half-dejectedly "Certainly he is. What did you take him

"Why, I thought—that is, I do not know, said Sir Norman, quite blushing at being guilty of so much romance, "but that he was a woman in disguise. You see he is so handsome, and ooks so much like Leoline, that I could not

help thinking so."

"He is Leoline's twin brother—that acounts for it. When does she become your vife?"

"This very morning, God willing!" said Sir Norman, ferventy.

"Amen! And may your life and hers be long and happy. What becomes of the rest?"

"Since Hubert's her brother, he shall come with us, if he will. As for the other, she, alas!

"Dead!" cried La Masque. "How? When?

She was living, to-night!"
"True! She died of a wound." "A wound? Surely not given by the dwarf s hand? "No, no; it was quite accidental. But since

you know so much of the dwarf, perhaps you also know he is now the king's prisoner?" "I did not know it; but I surmised as much when I discovered you and Count L'Estrange, followed by such a body of men, visited the ruin. Well, his career has been long and dark

enough, and even the plague seemed to spare him for the executioner. And so the poor mock-queen is dead? Well, her sister will not long survive her." "Great heavens, madam!" cried Sir Norman, aghast. "You do not mean to say that

Leoline is going to die?"
"Oh, no! I hope Leoline has a long and happy life before her. But the wretched, guilty sister I mean is myself; for I, too, Sir Norman, am her sister.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327,)

DEFECT in manners is usually the deficiency



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BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

#### Good News for the Boys! OLD BOYS AND YOUNG!

Next week we start

#### The Yankee Boys in Cey'on; THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTERS," "SNOW-HUNTERS," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC, ETC.

Both a delightful story and a rapid succession of exciting adventures in that strangely beautiful but still very wild island in the Indian Ocean. It is, like Mr. Whittaker's splendid se rial now closing, literally charged with instruc tion in the guise of story, and will be perused with eager zest by old boys and young. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is leading all the weeklies in the variety and literary value of its contents. We are quite satisfied to have our friends challenge contrast and comparison with any or all other papers.

#### Corinne Cushman's New Story, BARBARA:

First Love or No Love: A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART,

will immediately succeed her beautiful serial "Black Eyes and Blue," now running in our columns. If the latter is "a rare, sweet creation," as a correspondent writes, the new story will excite a fervor of delight among those who take interest in young women and their heart

#### Great Americans!

Number IV. of these admirable and popular Lives of Great Americans, just issued, em-LIFE AND TIMES OF

#### Colonel Ethan Allen. THE HERO OF TICONDEROGA.

With a full account of the "War of the New

Hampshire Grants."

BY O. J. VICTOR. AUTHOR OF LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES, AN-THONY WAYNE, ETC., ETC.

Books that are marvels of cheapness, and vie in excellence with any biographies yet produced at ten times the price! Comparisons invited! The aim is to give The People, and especially the Boys and Young Men of our Country, books which delight in subject, inform in material and local history, and add to every home, at a trifling cost, a source of personal pleasure. That the series deserves and will receive the attention of all who want books that are both cheap and good we may well assume.

This note from a gentleman of mark in literature adds force to what was said last week of the series of papers referred to:

Atlantic City, Saturday, Aug. 5th.

Dear Sirs:—Your "Men of 76" sketches. by Dr.
Legrand, are Grand; and I can't refrain from
writing and saying as much. They are wonderfully
full and make solid food for readers, old or young.
"Jasper," for example, convinced me that, after
all, I knew but little about that humble yet great
hero. Those articles, alone, are worth treble the
price you ask for the JOURNAL. They are all
grain, and no husk.

OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

#### THE HOME OF COOPER.

ONE of the corps of the leading Brooklyn daily has been ruralizing, and finding Arcady in Central New York, he gives us stay-at-homes this glimpse of it:

this glimpse of it:

"Here I am, far away from the city, its heat and its noise, in the primeval forest on the borders of this beautiful sheet of water, which the great novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper, so appropriate y called 'the gimmerglass.' The romantic scenery around this lake is so thoroughly described by this writer, whose works have probably been read by most if not all of your readers, that I consider it superfluous to write much about it here. I only wish to say that, while I have been camping out both in the Adirondacks and the Catskills, I, for two reasons, prefer this country; first, because the fishing is much better here than I have found it elsewhere, and secondly, because it is so easy of access.

"I left Utica lastWednesday morning by the Delaware, Lackawana and Western Rairoad, and reached Richfield Springs about ten 'clock, where, after tasting the spring waters that I suppose cure everything, but have a decidedly disagreeable taste, I climbed on top of an old-fashioned four-horse Concord coach, and after riding about nine miles through lovely mountain scenery and past a couple of flourishing farming and cheese manufacturing settlements called Little Lakes and Springfield Center, we reached Rose Lawn, at the head of this lake, where the Nattle Bumpo lay awaiting our arrival to take us to the other end of the lake, the romantic Cooperstown.

"Before leaving for camp I visited the elegant res-

rival to take us to the other end of the lake, the romantic Cooperstown.

"Before leaving for camp I visited the elegant residence of your townsman, E. F. Beadle, Esq., the well-known publisher, who owns one of the inest country seats I have ever seen either here or in Europe. The mansion is built against the slope of a mountain and faces the Susquehanna valley, and it reminds me very much of one of the old feudal castles along the Rhine, with its turrets, observatory and its massive pi e of stone.

"Our present camp is situated right at the edge of the lake, five miles from the town, so that we can easily get our supplies from there and this time we have gone out into the woods without guides to do the cooking and the heavy work, but do this ourselves, and I assure you that I feel the benefit of the exercise of cutting wood for our campfire or catching minnows with a net for bait, and I have learned more of cooking within the last few days than I ever knew before. We have plenty of food, as this lake is full of all kinds of fish. For instance, just before supper to-night three of us went out in a boat and in a very short time caught two perches, five pickerel and a large black bass, the first with the rod, the latter with the trolling line."

This tells something of the rare life of pleasuring in that beautiful region, among whose wild hills, in whose romantic valleys and on the bosom of whose flashing waters, Pathfinder and Deerslayer found their congenial home. It is the native place of the publisher, whose elegant home commands the sprightly reporter's praise. Growing up in that region so full of the presence of Fenimore Cooper and his creations, it is not strange that publications deineating our Wildwood and Wilderness Life should have been the popular publisher's natural choice and preference.

#### Sunshine Papers.

#### Shadow and Shine of Travel,

THE steamer lies by the pier, in the early sunlight, and there is, all on and around, hurry and bustle and noise. People are coming aboard, individually and in parties, every one looking for the very best place that is to be found. Settees are all filled, and a general scramble is made for camp-stools. No one wants to sit in the sun. No one wants to sit in the wind. No one wants to sit where the view will be obstructed. No one wants to sit next "that nurse and horrid cross baby." (Poor little thing! it is covered with prickly heat; strange it cannot endure discomfort with the fortitude that grown people always display.) Every one having made a desperate struggle to accommodate himself as if the deck of that boat was only constructed for his indi-vidual pleasure, and a crowd of late comers having frowningly filled in all the unoccupied

spaces, the steamer puffs away.

The wind blows freshly, and there is a general unstrapping of wraps, and adjustment of them without reference as to whose spinal columns may be intruded upon by crooked elbows, or optical organs be smitten by a stray corner of the shawl or duster. Women eye each other unrighteously, as fluttering vails and ribbons whisk into unfamiliar faces. Men concentrate their surviving energy upon their hats and give diligent attention to security in buttons. Morning papers disappear. Frizzles become seditious. The tout ensemble of many a dame's toilet grows riotous and demoralized. The travelers nearest the sunny side struggle franically with parasols; while the individuals just in their rear struggle violently with their

Here a woman arranges a plaid about her and views the river abstractedly—probably arranging imaginary costumes; the gentleman beside her appropriates as much room to him-self as his longitudinal proportions demand, and strokes his beard with an expensively-ring ed hand, and bends an intense gaze upon all the fairest faces in his vicinity; they are, doubtless, a couple of some years' matrimonial ex-perience. There a gentleman carefully puts a shawl about a lady, and holds her sunshade for her, and toys caressingly with the fan that is chained to her side but lies on her lap, and dis-covers all the nicest views for her to admire, and keeps a box of choicest confectionery ready for her to patronize occasionally, and religiously looks after her gleves, and package of magazines, and shawl-strap, and sachel, and listens absorbedly to all she says, and regards her absorbedly when she is not saying anything. Poor fellow! He is—it is evident to the most unpracticed eye—a lover!

The wind dies away, and the sun pours down

scorching heat. Papers, and fans, and yawns prevail. The unhappy travelers red and damp and ill-tempered. The children rush about promiseuously, stepping indiscrimmusement in literature, dropping sticky candy on themselves and the general community, and cry and are cross and saucy. And every individual paternal and maternal relative falls to wondering how any one can allow their children to be so ill-bred and troublesome.

At length the gong sounds for dinner. \_id ever any of these mortals dine before? One has grave suspicions on the subject at the sight of the rush for the dining-room. And when there, one falls, quite naturally, into mathematical soliloquies concerning the probable bank account of all persons connected with the steward's department of the steamer; and the amount of money which one's next neighbor will dispose before the appetites of his party of five are satisfied, paying at the rate of a dollar a plate, and that much more for every item placed upon it.

After dinner a more general state of amia-

bility and contentment reigns for a time. The men stray, "afore the wheel" and smoke meditative cigars; the ladies examine, minutely the surrounding costumes; the children appro priate the saloons and serenade the ceilings. Then the lords meander back, all stray seats are filled and a hum of conversation com There is some one to talk with, now that the dear men are come, and so the wome cease measuring the length of their sisters ribbons and estimating the number of yards of goods in their flounces, and fall to talking to the gentlemen of their party, nearly always with a view to being overheard by some one else. A few couples talk unobstrusively in corners. One or two parties are jolly and good-humored in spite of heat, and crowds, and a growing disposition upon the part of the general public to become severely critical of all those who are getting any enjoyment out of life at this particular period. A few women become sleepy and recline upon their spouses' shoulders, and the inflicted mortals look as uncomfortable as possible under the slow stewing operation to which such close contact with another warm body subjects them. Under the stress of discouraging circumstances, gentlemen ordinarily unfamiliar with conscientious scruples of any kind, suddenly give utterance to the most unexceptionable sentiments as regards the peccadilloes of their fellow passengers; and ladies quite unacquainted with the spirit of good-breeding, criticize solemnly the every movement of every feminine within their view. The sterner sex commence to pass, with suspicions, frequently up and down the saloon stairs; and the fair sex get up no end of small excitements about the repacking of their shawl-straps, from which something is sure to be missing: and there is a rapidly developing spirit of rest lessness discovering itself among the travelers,

efforts to get at our baggage, and hotel, and supper, and visions of wondrous pleasure that have been in our minds since we decided upon

taking our summer vacation A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### CACE THEM!

CAGE the person who never smiles—who goes through the world as though everything about him were as disagreeable as himself—as though every one should look lugubrious and sadthough life were one long, endless tragedy with not one bit of comedy to it—as though jolly folks were an incumbrance and only those of a vinegarish aspect should be let loose on the com-munity—as though humorists were useless, and only death and sorrow should be the topics of conversation. He ought not to be among us, for he casts such a chill over all social feelings that one wants to put an extinguisher over him and bid him good-night and a pleasant night-

Cage those persons who go about from one house to another, carrying their pestilential in-fluence in endeavoring to make trouble among families and separate husband from wife. They are vipers on the domestic hearth, the serpents that creep into too many a domestic Eden, leaving in their trail naught but misery and lesolation, and whose only happiness seems to consist in rendering others miserable. Why are such beings allowed to go at large? It seems to we are only too glad to cage. Some one ought to rise politely and show them to the door. How much they must be in want of amusement if they can take pleasure in such work as the severing of loved ties! They are so plausible and velvety, "always doing everything for your own good, my dear, and far from any intention to inflict pain." Bah! drive them

forth! smoke them out! cage them! Cage those persons who are full of forebodngs of evil; whose sole delight appears to be in endeavoring to render others as wretched as they possibly can. If you have friends at sea, they will recount to you all the fearful ship-wrecks they have ever heard of. They will oo in your ear, "It was in just such a gale as this that the good ship Neptune was lost." If you are anxiously expecting friends home in the cars, they will pour in your ear all the de tails of some horrible railway collision, until they harrow up your mind to such a pitch of agony as to almost drive you wild. If a child is late home from school, and you are getting nervous as to its safety, these persons have stories to relate of kidnapped children "who left home in health and good spirits and never returned to their parents." If your daughter has gone on an errand to the store, you must has gone on an errand to the store, you must be regaled with stories of all the young and lovely girls who have been abducted and murdered. There used to be more punishment for those persons who were guilty of cruelty, and cannot these specimens of humanity—who do not seem to have much humanity about them —come under the head of cruel individuals? Shame on them! keep them from us! cage

Cage those fortune-tellers who know no more of the future than we do ourselves, and who eem to work for the destruction of innocent and confiding beings. Our Heavenly Father has not opened the book of the future to us poor mortals. Were He inclined to do so, I think He would have opened it to more worthy and intellectual beings than to these harpies called fortune-tellers, many of whom are so ignorant that they cannot write their own name. The business is a detestable one, and those who patronize these pretended seers must love to be gulled and humbugged. Many a poor being, who is lost to friends, home, and a good name, can date the commencement of misfortune to the visit to one of these fortune-tellers. I never pass one of those houses, and notice the sign tacked to the door, but a shiver will creep over me. The glaring sign does not seem to me to read, "Madam Humbuggeri, seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Revealer of the past, present and future." The words seem to be, "Who enters here leaves hope be-hind." Would that all would heed that warn-Don't visit these detestable places, not even if you go "for curiosity's sake." Curiosity costs dear, sometimes. We may not have a "Blue Beard" to cut our heads off, but many a fortune teller has cut the heart out of many and many a victim. Ugh! They ought to be caged, and caged so they could never ply their deadly trade again.

There are hundreds, yes, thousands, of beings about us who should be caged. Evil-thinkers and evil-doers; persons who say wicked things and do wicked deeds, all under the guise of friendship; who think no more of breaking people's hearts than a child would of breaking a toy; who gain more satisfaction in spreading evil than good, and whose spirits are so mean, and whose deeds are so cowardly, as to cause us to turn up our noses at them and point the

finger of scorn in their faces. Oh, if we could but root them out and have them encumber the earth no more, wouldn't it be better? Oh, if we could but cage them!

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### Speech Before the Liberal Convention.

LADIES and gentlemen of the Convention: in announcing myself as a candidate for the Presidential nomination by the Liberal party, t will not be out of order for me to make a peech, containing a few remarks, and define my position, and my politics. Hem!

My father was a democrat, and my mother was a republican; this of course makes me a member of both parties, just as occasions de mand; so you see that I enjoy a blessed privi-lege. At elections I have always made it a religious duty to vote for both candidates, so no one could be able to find fault with me don't think we ought to put any man into office who can't tell his own money from the government's money, even when he has a private mark on his, and no officer should be allowed to refuse to receive his salary, under penalty of impeachment.

country needs leaders of powerful minds, and I am willing to sacrifice myself and become a martyr for the glorious cause. I have suffered more for my country than any man living, and I am still willing to suffer in the White House for the next three terms,

That I am the right man for that place I will not deny; my countless qualifications are numerous, besides being many, and various. I have never served three months in any

I can live on more pork and beans than any other man.

and watches are opened with incalculable frequency. But this does not last forever. Just Though not openly advocating them, I have as poor humanity's patience gets at its lowest ebb, the boat slows up, and we tumble each Rights which she wanted, and the allowance other about in confused haste and frantic was liberal.

I have always paid attention to my debts, whether 1 paid any money or not, and always saved my creditors the intensely laborious trouble of running a long ways after me every day, by telling them they needn't come again for a year. I pitied them, and would do that much for them, and charge nothing.

I clerked six months, when a boy, in a dry-good store, and got nothing for it; the business habits I there formed have followed me through life—I have never made anything since—and can boast that I've been so poor that at times I had only one pair of boots on my feet, and one coat on my back.

My disposition is so accommodating that if a man should insult me and get knocked down by me, and shouldn't have any recollection of the event for a week, and then come to and apologize, I would take that man by the hand and forgive him.

I shall be in no danger of being a nepotist, not much. My relatives always enjoyed an affectionate hatred of each other, and they spent much time in snubbing me. It will bear repetition; so there will be no relatives of mine office, and, what is more, nobody els latives will receive an appointment. All relatives will be rigidly excluded.

My long married life has peculiarly fitted me for diplomacy and strategy, and those are qualities which a president should possess, beides ene good jeans suit.

It may be policy for me to say that I never

vas a bloated bondholder. I have scorned to be one. I also have never been a bloated gold-holder, and all the greenbacks I ever held will not count against me in this canvass.

I am a self-made man, and I owe it to my self to say that I will be a self-made president by the assistance of the people of this vicinity, and I will acknowledge that the selection will be the best one they can ever make, even though I am obliged to put on my spectacles to conceal my modest blushes.

I have taken all the insults I could possibly take from my neighbor gratuitously, without charge, but insults from England I will never take, although they be sent over without any

The colored citizens shall have as many

rights as they have lefts.
I promise that if I'm elected every one who tes for me shall have an office, even if twenty post-offices have to be established in every small town.

My wife says I'm the best husband, in the world, I'm always so ready to listen to and accept proffered reason and advice, and would not do anything against the wishes of my su-

I have always been a consistent man. never came home late at night but what I gave the best excuse that I could invent, and I never practiced deception, unless I thought it was imperatively necessary, and then I would feel that it was all the better to throw around it an air of truth which would make my wife feel it was just as right as the law directs, and as far as that is concerned, I never dared to tell her a discoverable falsehood.

I will establish banks-which are very inconvenient now—upon every corner, with plank walks leading to them for the convenice of men, a finger-board pointing to them by day, and a gas lamp there at night. The banks will be plenty enough; your drafts will

be duly honored if you need money. I am in favor of all kinds of money, the best of it is hard enough—to get; and I am in favor of providing shelves for all poor men so they can lay up money on them, and every poor man shall have as good a right to get

rich as every rich man will have to get poor.

I will furnish a prosecuting attorney to secute the Indian war without charge, whether the Indians are prosecuted or not, and very Indian caught away from his tribe will be severely killed.

I will serve my country in such a way that I will be proud of myself, and I now beg to present my name to this convention—on a plate—to receive the highest vote.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
[NOTE.—On the first ballot Mr. Whitehorn received one vote, and Mr. Scroggsman two the figures would have nominated Whitehorn, as anybody can see. Upon such slight things do human destinies hang.—Ed. Sat. Jour.]

#### Topics of the Time.

-It is noticeable that the Black Hills furore ls in oliceable that the Black Hills furore has not raged so fercely among the youth of our land since the arrival of news of General Custer's command. Many a boy who, two weeks ago, was saving up his pennies to buy a railroad ticket and a revolver, now walks out into the back yard and chops kindling-wood without a mur-

-What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She —What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of beef, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoes, horns, combs, and upper leather. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated. No wonder the Hindoo holds her sacred, and would no sconner kill and eat his coay then kill would no sooner kill and eat his cow than kill and eat his grandmother. The Hindoo is a better Christian than the average Caucasian.

—Do not invest too largely in cream color whether it be in the millinery or any other department of attire. Buy no more than will last you during this season, for the signs of the times indicate that all the pale yellow shades for which there has been such an unexampled furore, are even now upon the wane. Pure white is gaining upon them, and already is regarded as more elegant, by the fastidious, who view with abhorrence anything that has become common. For the resuything that has become common. For the re-nainder of the summer, however, the ivory tints will be patronized, and this I add for the consoation of those who have made their pdrchases.

-They call it the "fighting trick" in Deoit. A benevolent-looking man enters a drink-g saloon, followed soon after by a wiry little llow who invites No. 1 to take a drink and a regar. The liquor is swallowed, the cigars are lighted, when suddenly No. 2 exclaims: "For thirty long years I have followed your trail day and night! You broke up my happy family, villain that you are, but now come out here and fight me like a man!" "I will fight you to the death!" is the determined really and hoth rush fight me like a man!" "I will fight you to the death!" is the determined reply, and both rush into the yard. The agitated barkeeper runs to the front door, whistles for a policeman, and nurries to the back door just in time to see a coat-tail disappearing over the fence. Then he begins to realize the situation.

The Lehigh Zinc Company, near Bethlehem, have constructed one of the largest pumps in the world. There is a vertical condensing engine, ten feet stroke, with a cylinder of cast-iron, one nundred and ten inches in diameter. The total weight of the cylinder, with its head and bottom, is forty tons. The piston rod is fastened to the cross head by a steel nut weighing one thousand one hundred pounds. There are two fly-wheels, each thirty-five fee in diameter, and each weighten interview to the constitution of th and thirty-two ten diameter, and each weighting ninety-two tons; it gives motion to four clungers and four lift-pumps, raising seventeen thousand gallons of water per minute from a lepth of two hundred and twenty feet. Sixteen boilers are connected with the engine, and it is rated at three thousand two hundred horse-

#### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted—"Heart for Heart;" "Youth;" "Who Was the Hero?" "Mr. Arthur's Levy;" "My Friend's Friend;" "Who Was the Widow?" "The Half-told Truth;" "Maid or Madam?"

Declined—"When I am Sleeping;" "A Simple Flower;" "The Pretty Missionary's Choice;" "Mrs, Dumont and Daughter;" "Speaking Ill and Doing Worse;" "The Lattice over the Way;" "Calling;" "Miss Patsey's Last Word;" "The Digger's Lament."

Soberton. If the wine makes your face flush of course it has spirits in it, and you violate your pledge to drink anything intoxicating. Some current wine is quite strong in alcoholic spirit.

ALLEN R. Why not confess your error? The confession will in no sense humiliate you, for confessed or not the wrong has been done and others know it. Confession will at least prove you brave and honorable enough to right a wrong.

F. F. V. No use to answer, as event will happen before this raeches you. REGULAR SOLDIER. Write to Army and Navy ournal, New York.

CONSTANT READER. Write to army recruiting office, New York city. Cavalry recruits, we believe, are now wanted.

FRANK M. Dixon's headquarters are in New ork city.—All railways charge alike to Lincoln. are is now very cheap.

CERVANTES. We of course have no means of knowing anything about the personal character of advertisers. Readers are to judge for themselves.

HENRY D. Defective memory is, usually, a want of accuracy in taking the mental impression of the thing to be remembered. Fix clearly and methodically in your mind every fact, or order, or duty you wish to remember, and, if necessary, keep recalling it, until your mind is trained to the habit of responding to your demand on it. Even persons of good memory, by listlessness and inattention, injure the power to retain or memorize.

SUBSCRIBER. No impropriety to present a lady acquaintance an inexpensive gift, unless you know she does not want favors or presents from you. If she is pleased to accept you should be as much

Western Hooser. Walking is largely an acquired ability. It is developed by exercise and training. The great point in both walking and running is not to overdo. Any great strain on the system is to be avoided. Very fast walking or speeding demands a light muscular frame, with full chest for endurance of "wind."—In a late number we gave the best running time ever made.

Inquirer, Coatesville, Pa. If you know what in-luced your affection—and that it is not constitu-ional—the remedy is in strict attention to diet, abits and sleep. Adopt a diet of fruit, milk and regetables, utterly abjure beer, spirits or wine, be sure to retire to bed every night at nine, and with proper exercise you will need pay no doctor's bills or ask any medical man's expensive advice.

or ask any medical man's expensive advice.

IDLEWILD, says: "I heard a gentleman say—'he would never ask a lady to take his arm for she ought to know enough to do it without waiting for him to speak of it. What do you think of this? It seems to me it is his place to offer it, especially if he has only met the lady two or three times.—If a lady has been out riding and returns home about ten o'clock, is this too late (in a village) to invite the gentleman into the house?—The other day a gentleman called and remained about two hours. He came from a distance and did not remove his gloves during his stay. Ought I to have asked him to take them off?—What do you think of my style of writing?' It is a gentleman's place to ask a lady to take his arm, especially if she is not a very intimate friend. But when a gentleman omits the attention a lady can very properly ask it of him.—Ten o'clock is a rather late hour to invite a gentleman in; and if you do, formally, extend such an invitation he should not think of presuming upon it to remain over a few minutes and see you safely in from your drive.—If the gentleman came from a distance and you desired or expected quite a call from him you should have signified it by inviting him to remove his gloves, and by trying to make him as much at his ease as possible.—Your style of penmanship is excellent, and your letter as a whole interesting.

BEAUTIFIER, writes: "I am not in the best of circumstances, and am a young wife just gone to housekeeping, and I would like if you could give me a few hints as to how I can inexpensively decorate my rooms a trifle, and make them remind us a little of the country that we can not visit this season." If you have some broken goblets (the bowls whole) or any cheap tumblers, crochet some pretty coverings for them, out of bright colored worsteds, and suspend by crocheted cords before the windows. Put in each a sweet potato and fill with water to within an inch of the top of the potato. Every other day add as much water as has evaporated. In about five weeks the potatoes will sprout. They require, subsequently, but very little attention, it being only necessary to keep the roots constantly covered with water. The vine will grow much faster suspended in the sunshine, though BEAUTIFIER, writes: "I am not in the best of cirgrow much faster suspended in the sunshine, though it grows rapidly anywhere. The vines can be trained all about the walls, and pictures, and are as beautiful as ivies. Other plants may be grown thus in water; and one or two little wooden boxes, set in a sunny window, and planted with a few seeds, will produce quite a wealth of bloom.

ED. MANVILLE. Aurora Borealis, or northern twitight, is the name of the peculiar phenomena often discernible in the heavens and popularly called "Northern lights." The plural is written Aurora Borealis. The name is derived from the names of a mythological god and goddess—Boreas who controlled the north winds, and Aurora who was goddess of light, morning. The phenomenon is known to be magnetic, but the immediate cause of the excitation or disturbance is not well understood. The "Northern lights" are not always so, for navigators have been south of the area of disturbance and looked southward upon the display. The theory that there is a magnetic belt surrounding the sun, which the earth twice a year touches in its orbit, is plays have neither periodicity nor uniform fervor. It is, without doubt, wholly a terrestrial phenomenon—confined to the earth and its atmosphere.

It is, without doubt, wholly a terrestrial phenomenon—confined to the earth and its atmosphere.

Sis, Paradise, Penn., asks: "If a gentleman makes an engagement to go to a place with a lady, do you think he should ask any other lady to go, also, without first submitting the matter entirely to the wishes of the first lady?—How do young ladies wear their hair now?—What is most fashionable for the neck, ruffling or collars?—If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to escort her to a picnic, is it improper for her to write and ask him to do that?—If a lady and gentleman are traveling together, he as her escort, do you think he should go away and leave her alone for any length of time?" Certainly, a gentleman should not think of inviting a third party to occompany himself and the lady without consulting and abiding by the wishes of the one he first invited—Young girls wear their hair in a variety of ways, of which these are the most stylish: Wave the hair, and comb away from the face, with no parting, and tie at the back and allow to droop in two, three, or—at most—four curls; or, instead of catching with ribbon, braid the hair, and arrange in a circle, from the middle of which let two short curls droop, Also, the hair arranged in one braid and looped up on the head with a comb, or a few finger puffs, or looped low in the neck with a ribbon, is pretty. The French roll is the most prevalent fashion now; the hair in one smooth, tight roll, extending from the low back of the head to the top, and finished there with a bow, side-comb, or a few puffs.—Collars, of all kinds, are much more worn than rufflings; and a favorite style is black lace pinned tightly about the throat (with no white collar or lace), the ends carried down to the belt and there tucked in; or litusion, or deep rich colors may be worn in the same way, without white.—It is perfectly proper for a lady to write a note of invitation to a gentleman asking him to act as her escort to such places as she desires; but she should not feel offended, if he is unabl

ANXIETY, says: "What can a gentleman do to com-letely disguise his breath after smoking, without sing anything common or in its own odor suggest-re? I frequently call on a young lady who excessive ly dislikes the odor of tobacco, and should be glad of some delicate article for purifying the breath." Get a druggist to make you some pastilles, in this way: Mix with warm water, to a stiff paste, five drachms of gum arabic, three drachms vanilla sugar, seven drachms chlorate of lime; roll and cut into lozenges. These peutraliza acidir of the sugar, seven dracams curvature to the cut into lozenges. These neutralize acidity of the stomach, arrest the decay of the teeth, and purify and perfume the breath.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### SWEET GENEVIEVE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Sweet Genevieve, I miss thee still;
The mornings come, the days depart;
The glory lighting plain and hill
Is like a shadow on my heart.
The moonbeams, soft and silvery bright,
Make lovelier than the day the eve;
Their beauty yields me no delight—
I mourn for thee, sweet Genevieve.

At times I mingle with the throng-To drive unhappy thoughts away—
Where jest and laugh, and dance and song,
Prolong the night into the day.
But 'mid them all thy face I see—
Where mind and heart their magic weaveLook sad with hopeless love for me,
My life, my soul, my Genevieve.

Though tongues of falsehood keep apart
The forms that shrine such love as ours,
They can not change thy faithful heart
Through all the weary absence-hours.
For by mine own I know thy love;
Though years their shadowing impress leave
Still, constant as the lights above,
I love but thee, sweet Genevieve.

#### The Men of '76. KOSCIUSKO. The Hero of Two Worlds.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of Thaddeus Kosciusko's life reads like a romance. In him the age of chivalry seemed to have been revived. A soldier by education, he was a patriot by instinct, and guided by its promptings he walked a path thorny to the end, yet with a nobleness of soul that found its reward in self-sacrifice and exile. To the American whose nationality he so ably and perseveringly aided to establish, he is endeared by those labors; but when to this is added the magnificent struggle which he led, to save Poland from annihilation, he most properly commands the applause, sympathy and vene-

ration of every lover of liberty.

This immortal patriot was born in Lithuania (Poland) February 12th, 1756. He was descended, like the Pulaskis, from an ancient, wealthy and noble family, and as the prospective head of that family, received a military education. At school he betraved so much intelligence that Prince Czartoriski made him a lieutenant of cadets, and sent him to France, where he perfected himself in the art of war, and received a captain's commission on his return, in 1755.

His promise of rapid promotion was, how ever, cut short by an enforced and sudden exile. Falling in love with the daughter of Marshal Sosnowski, affianced to Prince Lubomirski, the young captain was led to the rashness of an dopement, which was thwarted, and to save the disgrace of dismissal for his presumption, as well as to conquer his now utterly hopeless passion, he immediately left Poland and turned his face toward Paris, where he proposed to enter the French service.

Reaching Paris his spirit was fired, as were so many others, with a desire to serve the American colonies in their struggle for freedom; and good old Ben Franklin, then one our agents in France, thought so well of the young man and his credentials that he commended him heartily to Washington. With this commendation Kosciusko found his way to America, and repairing to the camp at Valley Forge, presented his introduction

What do you want?" asked Washington, already embarrassed and annoyed by the num ber of men of distinction from France seeking service in the American army.

'To fight for American Independence!" was the prompt answer.

What can you do?" demanded the chief. "Try me and see," responded the applicant, with a decision that spoke for his character.

Washington, ever quick to read men, was s oleased with the young foreigner's bearing that ne made him an aide-de-camp, and the commander-in-chief soon discovered that his Polandwas an adept in military art of the best

Acting upon the chief's suggestion, Congres named Kosciusko an engineer with rank of Colonel. His first work was with Gates, to whose army he was assigned as engineer. In company with Arnold he inspected the region where Gates must receive the attack of Burgoyne, who then had crossed the Hudson below Fort Edward. Gates, having just dispossessed Schuyler, had but little knowledge of the country, so left the selection of his fortifications to the two men named. Under Kosciusko's immediate supervision the lines were laid, the batteries located, and the field works thrown up. That thes works were admirably disposed the sequel

In the fierce combat of September 19th (1777), which Arnold fought with such splendid intrepidity, Kosciusko was with the artille ry, and gave great encouragement and aid by s bearing and ready eye. The fight ended in a drawn battle, when promptness in sustaining Arnold with reinforcements must have cut the British army in twain and insured its retreat. Gates, so confident in his position and numbers, did not care to hurry affairs to a half victory This was his excuse for refusal to let Arnold pursue his advantage.

The night was spent in throwing up additional works under Kosciusko's directions, to match the enemy's works on the opposite side of the valley between. Checked in his march, Burgoyne had to intrench, hoping for favorabl news from Sir Henry Clinton. So the armies lay, face to face for eighteen days, with almost constant skirmishing and artillery firing. Kosciusko's vigilance was literally ceaseless. Every change in the enemy's works he noted and countered, so that no advantage whatever was given the anxious and now almost desperate Burgoyne. In sheer desperation he again took the field (Oct. 7th), and in the terrific battle of that day, where Arnold was the very spirit of fight, Kosciusko was everywhere on the field, giving invaluable suggestions as to movements and keeping the artillery ever in the best position for rapid and efficient work. It was one ardest-fought battles of the war, and ended in Burgoyne's signal and utter defeat and retreat, and final surrender with all his splen-

did material Kosciusko's field services gave him deserved repute as a military engineer, and it having en decided so to fortify the Hudson, at some proper point, as to make it impregnable to the enemy's advance, the Polander was assigned to the duty of planning and carrying out the works at West Point, selected for the perma nent fortification. This work was prosecuted with such energy, by Putnam's troops, under Kosciusko's plans and supervision, in the midwinter of 1777-8, that when the river opened in the spring the enemy was fairly estopped from any advance above the narrows at Anthony's Nose. These works stand to-day as a mark of the eminent engineer's military skill and sagacity, and at West Point Kosciusko's

name is only mentioned in admiration. When Greene was sent South to stay the vic-

feat of Gates at Camden had left the Southern States helpless) Kosciusko was created a Brigadier and assigned to Greene, for the special pur pose of making fortifications do the work of men. In the harassing campaign which followed, during the fall and winter of 1780-81 the engineer's work was devoted almost wholly to providing means of transport and passage over rivers. In the most masterly retreat of army, pursued by Cornwallis, from Guilford to Boyd's Ferry, he managed to collect the boats by which the army was saved and the ene my deeply chagrined and outgeneraled. Greene resolved to stand at Halifax, and Kosciusko, with his ready skill, soon had works thrown up that must have given the enemy a bloody eception; but Cornwallis did not cross the Dan, to enter Virginia. Then Greene turned back and began to pursue his enemy, and once more Kosciusko's skill was required to dispose the intrenchments, on the hill near Guilford Court House, where the Americans made a stand (March 15th.) In that fierce fight Kosciusko bore an honorable part, and greatly aided in gathering the disordered troops. The story of the brilliantly-maneuvered cam-

paign that followed, told in our sketches of Greene, Marion and Sumter, need not here be repeated. When Greene moved to the siege of Fort Ninety-Six, Kosciusko planned all the works and participated, fully and with high honor, in the siege and the stroke and counter-strokes that followed, until Rawdon was fairly whipped out of the State, and his successor, Colonel Stuart, was driven into Charleston, where peace witnessed the grand gathering and eave-taking of the noble spirits by whose valor the South had been redeemed from British pre-

ence and the horrors of war. Kosciusko tarried here after the war until the condition of affairs in Poland induced his reurn to his native land, in 1786, bearing with him a reputation and letters that were a soldier's best reward. Washington's friendship was sincere and freely given, and the gallant Pole so reverenced his chief, that, in his after life, when he became known as the "Father of his Country"—the "Deliverer of Poland" the "Washington of Europe"-these very titles showed how deep and strong had been the influence of Washington on his character.

Kosciusko's history, after his return to Poland, is the history of Poland for six years, and the world then witnessed in him that rar type of men-great in war, great in state, and which modern times great in adversity—of furnishes but few examples.

In 1789, when the Diet formed its army, he was named Major-General, and soon rose to such commanding influence that, when he de-clared for the constitution of May 3d, 1791, it was decisive of Poland's course: it committed her to war with surrounding powers, and made the great Catherine of Russia Poland's impla cable foe. The campaign that ensued was made glorious by its valor shown, and the chief hero of it all was Kosciusko. But the submission of King Stanislaus, to Catherine, com pelled the patriotic general to retire to Germany, where he was highly honored, and the French Assembly expressed its sense of his nerit by bestowing on the exile the rights of a French citizen.

This exile was shortened, for the oppressions of Russia soon forced the Poles to revolt, and Kosciusko, looked to by all patriots as their proper leader, appeared in Cracow, in March, 1794, to guide the country in its struggle for independence. The people formed the Confederation of Cracow, March 24th—making Kos ciusko Commander-in-Chief, after the example

of the American States. The Russians were alert, and Kosciusko had but time to gather 4,000 men and march against 12,000 tried troops. With no artillery, and with followers armed with scythes, pikes, and all manner of guns, the patriot general hurled his battalions upon the Russians with such fury that, in the bloody battle of Raclawicz, April 4th, 1794, he achieved a signal victory that gave him arms and artillery, and gathered around him an army of 9,000 volunteers

ready to fight to the death sians, whose garrisons at Warsaw and Wilna were put to death and many Russians murdered on sight—excesses which Kosciusko ere long Then the new government of saw was formed. Russia, Prussia and Austria had confederated to conquer Poland, whose sudden attempt to found a Republic midst of monarchies the two kings and empress had resolved to crush in its very incipiency So their combined armies, 17,000 strong marched against Warsaw, and Kosciusko met them, June 6th (1794), with 13,000 men, at Scezkocini. After a dreadful conflict the patriots were beaten back and retired to their inenchments before Warsaw. Here they were pesieged by 60,000 of the allies, and there folowed one of the most memorable combats of the century. Kosciusko was literally unconquerable, and with 10,000 men repelled the geeral assault made by the enemy after two months' siege. The repulse was of the most fearfully sanguinary character.

This superb valor now inspired all Poland to rise, and Dombrowski leading a new army to the relief of Warsaw, the enemy was compelled to raise the siege and retire into Prussia, and Poland for the moment was free—the Republic

Kosciusko, at the head of affairs, honored and oved by all, administered the state with such conderful success that when he restored his al most dictatorial powers. May 29th, 1795 to the Supreme National Council, the state was in perfect working order and the government by the people well inaugurated.

Catherine was not a woman, however, to brook a defeat. With tainted morals, and leading a life of almost unbridled licentiousness, she yet was a woman of splendid ability, and of a will as inflexible as adamant. So, ga thering all her resources, she launched the noted General Suaroff upon Poland, in Volhynia, while a second great army penetrated Lithua-nia. Suaroff defeated the Poles at Brzec (Sept. 18th—19th), and then headed for Warsaw, to join the other force.

Kosciusko resumed the field command once more, and marched out to meet the foe. Fifty miles from Warsaw the battle occurred which nded the Republic. Three times the Poles repelled the assault of an army three times greatthan theirs, but at the fourth assault the little army of 24,000 men, reduced to 17,000 by the field losses, was overcome by sheer numbers (Oct. 10th, 1795), and Kosciusko fell from his horse, covered with wounds, crying in his sorrow, "Finis Polonie!" as he was taken

prisoner by the triumphant enemy. In his fall Poland lost all. Its head, hands and heart he seemed to be, and the nation that he would have sustained under almost any reverse that left him unhurt and free was so dismayed at his loss that the Russians marched to rapid victory. Suaroff stormed Praga, Nov. Warsaw capitulated Nov. 9th, and that ended the short-lived Republic. Poland was in

torious Cornwallis, (whose overwhelming de- ciusko and those of his colleagues who had fall- save me, and I shall be worse off than before. en into her power into prisons under rigorous confinement; but they were spared long torture at her hands by her sudden death by apoplexy, Nov. 9th, 1796. Paul I., who succeeded to the throne, hastened to release the great Pole and his companions. Of the general he expressed his admiration in a marked manner-present ing him with his own elegant sword, which Kosciusko declined to receive, saying: "I no longer need a sword since I no longer have a country to defend." And he never again wore sword—not even the sword of the renowned John Sobieski, which, after Poland's dewnfall, was discovered at Soretto (1797) and presented to the general—the highest honor the Poles could bestow.

Paul also pressed upon him a present of 1500 peasants, but these he also refused when he had reached the frontier, on his way to voluntary exile—he could not live on the bounty of the oppressor. He made his way to France and to London, everywhere to be received with honor by all classes of people. No name in Europe was more on people's lips. He visited America in 1797, and was welcomed with immense enthusiasm. All his means was the little income from the pension granted by Congress.

In 1798 he returned to France, where his countrymen in exile were gathered in considerable numbers, still hoping for the favorable for tune which would again make it possible to strike for Polish liberty. Napoleon, indeed promised to restore the nation as a blow at Russia, but Kosciusko was too far-seeing not to know that the would-be conqueror of Europe would make the Poles do his work, not theirs so the exile, much to the chagrin of many eminent countrymen, refused all co-operation with

Napoleon's schemes. He lived for years in retirement near Paris, watching events closely. The power of the op-pressor having finally become secure, Polish iberty ceased even to be a hope. abandoned France for Switzerland, settling at Soleure, where his life passed peacefully in agricultural pursuits, of which he was very fond. He died at this home Oct. 16th, 1817. A fall from a precipice near Vevay, while on his horse, was the immediate cause of his death.

His remains were removed to Cracow, in 1818, at the expense of the Emperor Alexander, and deposited in the tombs of the Kings of Poland, amid a vast gathering of the people The women of Poland wore mourning—many of them all their lives—for his loss, and to this day no man, woman or child with a drop of Polish blood in his or her veins who does not murmur a prayer and benediction when the name of Kosciusko is spoken.

# Black Eyes and Blue;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED. THE hours of the afternoon wore slowly away, and the boat approached the end of her

In vain Redmond Rhodes sought to interest himself in his favorite poet. The young lady in the peasant garb had taken a seat as near to him as she could. The baronet had joined the group; he tried to open a conversation with the American, as an excuse for remaining near but got brief replies, and finally settled inte silence, amusing himself with watching, with malignant pertinacity, every look and move-ment of the embarrassed and suffering girl. It was with difficulty Mr. Rhodes controlled himself, so strong was the impulse of the gentle man to chastise the bully who could thus star

out of countenance a lady. The lovely dark-blue eyes finally fixed them seives on Redmond's with an anxious, strained, terrified appeal in them, which he felt that he

What is it, my child?" he asked, in his kind manner, feeling that he must wait no longer for the baronet to get out of the way. you need a friend, I will be one to you—you are a countrywoman of mine, and I cannot

submit to see you persecuted." "I do not see what you can do for her," interposed Sir Israel, drawing a card from his breast-pocket and handing it, with a polite bow, to the stranger. "Allow me to assure you, sir, whoever you are, that it will be dan gerous for you to interfere between a father and his child-or a young lady and her affianced husband "

"I am not affianced to him," spoke up Vio let, quickly—"I hate, abhor, dread him, yond any man on the face of the earth! My father is determined that I shall marry him-I put on this disguise and ran away, becaus my father is cruel to me, and wishes to make ne wretched for life by forcing me to accept this man, whom I detest. If I could reach my nome and friends!—but, oh, sir, I fear I am quite in my father's power; and he was crue o my mother, and has no love for me.'

There were no passengers then in that vicinity who understood Euglish, and the thre ould talk without exciting any especial notice Sir Israel tapped his forehead significantly, and smiled.

"Her father is a gentleman against whom no one will venture a word. He is kindness itself to his daughter, who is one of the sweet est of her sex, except that, occasionally—when not so well as usual—she has, let us say, exag gerated fancies about things which render her

"He means you to understand that I am more or less insane; that is a part of my father's avowed plan to compel me—in this foreign country, away from all who know me-t Oh, do not believe them marry this man. do not allow that suspicion to poison you mind toward me! Do you, sir, blame me for shrinking with horror from this old man, who has not one virtue to compensate for his burder of years? Would I not be insane to consent to such a union? Yet my father wants to hold m a prisoner, to force me into the arms of this I am so mad, that I will die by the first death that offers before I will If to be eager to kill myself to escape vield. Sir Israel Benjamin, be madness, then I am mad, indeed!"

Sir Israel waved his hand deprecatingly, with a pitying smile.

Will you not save me from them?" she ask ed, turning to Redmond, with clasped hands; surely you can do something!

I wish I knew what I could do," answered Mr Rhodes, thoughtfully; he was too experienced in the difficulties of the law, to feel willing to make the attempt to interfere between a parent and child, even had he possessed the least pow er to do so.

"Do something—something for me, if you shains. | have any humanity?" she pleaded. "I would have to Catherine, knowing no leniency, thrust Kos- leap into the water, but I know they would world.

Sir, will you give me a scrap of paper out of your note-book, and a pencil, for one moment?"

Redmond tore a leaf out of his diary and handed it to her, with the pencil she had asked She immediately wrote a few words and handed paper and pencil back to him. The face of Sir Israel turned a sickly purple with rage and jealousy; he shook his long forefinger at the American, saying, savagely:

"Sir, this interference on your part has gone as far as I shall permit. When we reach our stopping-place, I shall hand you over to the

"On what complaint?" asked Redmond, coolly, No matter about that; I will invent one.

I will swear to whatever is necessary to get rid of you, sir."

"What a fine sense of honor! But let me beg of you not to perjure yourself on my account. Rather than drive you into such a sin, I will abandon the young lady to her fate.

We Americans are ridiculous cowards."

The old dandy could not decide whether the stalwart gentleman, whose broad shoulders loomed a foot higher than his own, was making fun of him, or not. Redmond arose and went to another part of the deck, where he read the few lines the girl had written, twisted the torn leaf carelessly and tossed it overboard. From that moment until the time the landed he did not once look toward her; and the baronet sagely concluded that his threat had really frightened the puppy of an Ameri-

Under this belief he recovered his equanimity, making himself so agreeable to the pretty lace-maker in the wooden shoes that every one

on deck was smiling at the spectacle. When the boat finally came alongside the dock which was the terminus of her day's journey, the rich purple of twilight had robed the distant mountains, and night was settling slowly over the strange town. Mr. Rhode was in no hurry to disembark. He stood where he could watch the others do so, waiting for the first pressure to be over. Looking down upon the dock, where two lamps already glimmered, he saw a handsome, portly, eminently respectable appearing personage, of his own nationality, eagerly scanning the passengers. Then he saw the old baronet signal this personage, who immediately made his way on board and up to the spot where the young lady, disguised as a lace maker, sat trembling

What passed between the two he did not atempt to overhear; but now made his own way quickly down upon the quay, where he purpose-y concealed himself behind a small mountain freight, waiting and watching until the gentleman returned, with the pretended peasant girl on his arm. They entered a carriage, the baronet went in another, and both were driven off at a rapid rate. Rapid as it was, a third carriage followed as swiftly—for gold will work wonders, and Mr. Rhodes had triple-feed the cabman.

The father did not take his beautiful daugh ter, dressed in her peasant clothes, to any hotel; but into the oldest, oddest part of the town, close down by the shipping, where the carriage drove under the ancient porte-cochere of a tall numble-down building, and disappeared in the court-yard; an old building, standing forlorn in a sort of decayed grandeur, in the midst f a crowd of very different buildings, ware houses, tenement-houses, steamboat-offices, and the tag-end of a market.

Mr. Rhodes summoned his own driver to stop at a safe distance from the other two ve-

"What house is that whose court-yard they ntered?" "A lodging-house, monsieur—in a poor part, but clean and respectable. It was once very fashionable; but these latter years it is occu

pied chiefly by the clerks in the warehouse round about. "Do you suppose I can obtain a room there for a day or two?"

'Oh, undoubtedly, monsieur. I am told the bedding is clean and the place quiet. But Monsieur le Americaine should go to a finer

"Give me the street and number, please." The cabman gave it, and Redmond wrote it

"Now drive me to some office from which l can dispatch a telegram.

A drive of some length brought them to a nandsome quarter of the town, where Mr Rhodes sent his message, took his supper at a restaurant, and was driven back to the vicinity of the house where his acquaintances of the oat had taken refuge.

It was by this time quite late in the evening Dimissing the cab, he proceeded on foot, and ung the bell at the court-yard gate. The por iere made his appearance.

"Can I have an apartment here for a day

'Undoubtedly. Will monsieur walk in? Come this way—I will introduce you to the proprietress.

He was led across the court into the parlor of the little widow who had the letting of the apartments. She could give him his choice of everal beautiful, charming suites; and ook up a candle and led the way up a neatly

kept, but somber and ancient stairway. "Give me rooms as near as possible to thos of the other Americans who arrived this even ng," said Redmond, as he followed after her up the foot-worn stone stairs, dimly lighted by the one flaring candle which preceded him.

"Ah! monsieur," rejoined the widow, paus ng at the first landing, and sighing heavily those people disappointed me cruelly. ooked at my rooms, but they were not suited and went away, after I almost felt the price of hem in my palm. I hope monsieur will not creat me so badly."

Fooled! Redmond Rhodes drew a long breath, but checked the inclination to swear, as this certainty was borne in upon him. Those two men ad been more cunning than he. Fore that he would track them, they had led him off on a false trail

"Do you know where they went to find apartments? "I have no more idea than I have of heaven, monsieur. But you will not disappoint me

about the rooms? they suit, I will remain here for the resent." a resolution on which Redmond afterward congratulated himself!

> CHAPTER XVIII. AU REVOIR.

DESERTED!

Terrible word for the wife of six weeks When Florence came out of that deadly swoon, the saw, through the blackness which still partially obscured her vision, the cold, heartless glance of Madame Florian fixed upon her, and shrunk from it as from the sting of a reptile. reclosing her eyes and sinking back on the satir ushions of the sofa where she had been placed

with the one wish that she might never again

have to open them and face a weary, wicked

But the boon of death, so often prayed for as ashly as piteously, could not be hers for the asking. By her own vanity and folly—though not by any crime—she had opened the door to long train of evils likely to pursue her through the whole of a life as yet so fresh and young. She had done wrong in coming to New York as she did—done wrong in meeting Fraser Harold surreptitiously, as she had done—done wrong in marrying him when she saw how he hesitated about making her his wife. last fault was the most forgivable, because "she loved much"—that she did love her husband truly and with the whole of her ill-governed, passionate nature, was her redeeming

"I hope mademoiselle will make an effort to control herself; as, if she feels well enough to attempt it, I must insist on her leaving my house to-night. She knows that, had I not been imposed on, I should never have allowed her to take apartments here." "Why do you call a married lady mademoi-

selle? And why do you speak to her in that insolent manner?" demanded young Ward, angrily: he had waited, in anxiety and distress,

for Florence's recovery from her swoon.

"She can answer that question better than I can. When her protector leaves her, because of the visits of another gentleman, I think I am justified in giving the lady warning."

"That man, who should have been her protector, and is not, is her husband, madame; and am an old friend of her family who have known her since she was a child in frocks. I came to her to bring her word of her mother's Beware! there are courts where foulmouthed slander is punished; as I, a lawyer, chance to know. That her husband should have gone off in a fit of jealous rage, because he saw me here, without waiting for an ex-planation of my visit, shows him to be—what he is. But it does not make it safe for you to insult this lady."

"Very well, sir; I have no wish to insult her, as you call it. You will not deny my right to ask her to vacate my apartments, after the gentleman who engaged them for her has told me that he will no longer be responsible for the price of them?"

"Certainly not. But," after a minute's reflection, "they are paid for in advance; you cannot turn her out to-night; and I do not propose to seek another place for her at an uneasonable, suspicious hour."

"They are paid for by the week; there are yet two days remaining. I did not think of that; I thought only of the reputation of my house," quickly rejoined the wily madame, afraid that this gentleman might find out the truth, viz: that Mr. Fraser, as he met her in the lower hall, had tossed a handful of bills to her, saying: "Here is a month's pay in advance; allow Mrs. Fraser to remain here that length of time;" for Harold—who had all the baseness of his class-had also their scorn of meannes in money matters.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie!" moaned the deserted wife, again striving to lift her head from the cushions where she lay, like some splendid flower which has been gathered, admired, and tossed aside to wilt and die, "this is horrible! Do not let that woman look at me—speak to me! Oh, to think that Fraser can subject me to such treatment! Charlie, it is more than I can bear! It makes me hate him! As it made me hate my father, to find out what he was and how he had treated my mother, it makes me hate Fraser. Come! I will go away from here to-night. I will go in the Quaker dress and bonnet in which I came to this wicked I will not wear a thing he has given me -I will not eat another mouthful of food for which he has paid! Never! I will not! I will not!" She had staggered to the floor, and stood there, in one of her old, characteristic at-

titudes, stamping her tiny foot, while the dark eyes blazed in the white face. "I don't wonder you feel so, dear Florrie," said Charlie, soothingly, gently forcing her to sit down, "and you shall go away from here as quickly as possible; but not to-night. It is already after ten o'clock. If Madame D'Eglantine had not gone abroad, I should have a mo-

shuddering. "Ves. to her. I know that she would gladly be a mother to you—and Violet a sister.

'Oh. not to her, either!" cried Florence.

only wish they were here." Florence turned her face to the wall: she had cherished a feeling of resentment, dislike, envy, toward those two; to accept favors from them would be intolerable! Her own mother was lead—she felt herself utterly friendless on face of the earth, except for Charlie Ward, whom she half despised. Her situation, in her own eyes, was even more terrible than it was in reality, though unhappy enough at the best. To die—to die!—that was all she wanted, in the first bitter hour of her mocked love, her injured pride, her desolation. She turned her ace to the wall in silence, rejecting the very idea that Violet, or Violet's mother, could be

any help to her. 'Well, I will say good-night, Mrs. Fraser," added Charlie, after waiting in vain for her to "I will call at nine in the morning, and to-morrow I hope to find some safe and pleasant home for you—even if you have to reurn to Lycurgus to obtain it," and he went

'Good-night, Mrs. Fraser; I hope you feel better; and if you are ill, or need anything, call me, and I will be ready to serve you," and Madame Florian, thinking she might have been unwisely in haste to get rid of her patron, went out with a less insolent air than she had worn

And so the deserted bride was left to bear, as she might, her sorrows.

"Return to Lycurgus! accept aid from Madame D'Eglantine! friendship from my halfsister! a dower forced from Madame D'Eglantine by the machinations of my father! poor, foolish Charlie!—you do not know the one you thus seek to comfort-comfort, by heaping coals of fire on my head and heart! No one understands me!" muttered Florence, and then whether it was merely from habit, or whether she thus came into closer communion with her best friend, herself—she arose, staggered to one of the tall mirrors and stood looking at her own pale face-into her own great, burning,

sleepless eyes. "No one understands me," she repeated, to those eyes. "I cannot act like others. I cannot be tame, self-repressed, patient, prudent. I must do all, dare all, risk all, feel all, whether I suffer or am happy—live or die. I ried Fraser Harold at my own risk. I knew the perils that awaited me-perils of weariness, loathing, desertion—but I loved him and I chose to take the chances. I trusted to my beauty to hold him; the brittle chain of flowers

has snapped; and we are parted. "Am I to sit down in a corner and weep out my days? Not I. It was a mad game, from first—a mad, reckless game; and it shall be played to the end in the same way it was

A bottle of wine, which she had ordered in anticipation of a visit from her husband, was

sitting on a small stand close at hand. She poured a little into the slender glass beside it, and drank it, ior a deadly faintness was again coming over her. Then she threw herself into an arm-chair to think. She had not sat there an arm-chair to think. She had not sat there five minutes before she sprung up, went quickly into her bedchamber, from which in a short time she emerged, wearing the Quaker garb in which she had first left home. At his last visit Fraser had forgotten his latch-key, and it was now in her possession. She glanced at the clock—it was nearly eleven. Slipping noise-lessly down-stairs, she let herself out at the hall door and walked rapidly on until she reached a car which would take her to the vicinity of Fraser's club-house.

As she drew near the building a party of gentlemen were coming down the steps; the one she looked for was among them, and she withdrew around the corner until they had passed, when she walked softly after them, so near as to overhear their conversa

'Then it is arranged that we take the seven P. M. lightning express, to-morrow evening? asked her husband's voice.

"If you can be ready, that will be agreeable

Oh, I can get ready. If I fall short, in my arrangements, I can complete my outfit in St Louis. You say we shall be gone two months? "At least—perhaps ten weeks. We have a famous guide engaged to meet us at St. Louis. We ought to press on, at once, so as to have the whole of October and November for our

'Well, you may count on me. I shall meet you at the train, to-morrow evening, if I do not see you through the day. I made the most of my purchases to-day; but have still a few

things more to look after. Good-night," and the group broke up, going its various ways. So! he had planned to leave her, even before he came and got up that scene because Charlie was giving her back her ring! He had "made most of his purchases" already! If any one could have seen the little face under the Quabonnet then, its expression would have startled him. Such flashing orbs, such vicious little teeth pressed into ruby lips, were seldom seen under the prim shadow of that emblem of

In half an hour Florence Harold was safe in the shelter of her apartments again. The first thing she did when she had thrown off-her bonnet and drab shawl, was to take from her dressing bureau the little box in which she kept her money and jewels, and to carefully count her loose cash. Then she walked up and down, up and down, with a velvety tread, like some beautiful panther in its tiresome cage, until she had worn herself so completely out that when she did fling herself on her silken-draped bed,

sleep came and gave her rest.

Charlie Ward, meanwhile, had gone on his way with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. Deeply sympathizing with the injured wife indignant with the rich scoundrel who had sacrificed her to his caprices; sorry that she had so wrecked her bright and promising life, Char-lie could not but have, also, a feeling of gladness that he had discovered Florence, and could so telegraph to Mr. Vernon on the morrow. It was his intention to also notify Mr. Goldsborough's agent; so the prospect was most promising that he should, very soon, have tidings of Violet, as Mr. Goldsborough had assured her friends they should have when Florence was found and the sum secured which he had de-

How much delight this prospect gave Charlie would hardly be inferred from the patience with which he had worked and waited. But love like his, unselfish, deep and enduring, is the love on which it is safe for a girl to build her enchanted castles of future happiness. The thought that, in a few weeks, Violet would return in her mother's company, and he could show her his hand without the ring, and make to her a full explanation of how he was tricked into wearing it, made his spirits light as thistledown, despite his sympathy for Florence.

He was back at Madame Florian's at the appointed time. Early as it was, Mrs. Harold was dressed and ready to receive him. She was elegantly attired, in carriage toilet, hat and gloves already donned. She looked a little pale and heavy-eyed, but more beautiful than ever. Charlie mutely wondered, as he feasted his eyes on her, how any man could be indifferent, much less cruel, to this lovely little lady

"Charlie, 'she said, as soon as he entered. you can do nothing for me until I have seen what I can do for myself. I am going—as soon as the carriage arrives for which I have sent—to call on Mr. Harold's family. where they reside. I shall tell them I am Fra ser's wife. If they receive me kindly and honorably, offer me a home with them, and promise to use their influence to have Fraser do right by me, I shall remain with them until his return from the West. If they do not believe my story, or treat me with indignity, thenhave another plan. Will you excuse me, now, and call again at five o'clock this afternoon?

I think you do well to assert yourself to his family," answered Charlie. "They must be made to admit your rights. I was about to propose that you she ould go to them, first.

The clattering of the carriage on the stones below warned them of its arrival, and he led her down and placed her in it. Au revoir," she said, with a sudden smile

on her pale face.

'Shall I not go with you?" he asked anxiously No, no. I prefer to be alone. Farewell till five o'clock," and he shut the door, and gave the sign to the driver to proceed.

The day seemed a long one to Charlie Ward; went to see Mr. Blank, sent off his cable dispatch to Mr. Vernon, following it by a long etter; and still there were hours to dispose of before the time for calling again on Mrs. Har old. He admired the courage which had en abled her to go alone, with only her youth and beauty to support her important claims, to the haughty family of her husband; and he wondered, with vivid interest, what the result of the interview would be.

At five o'clock, to the minute, he was at Madame Florian's door. A servant met him, and in answer to his request, told him that Mrs. Fraser had gone away from the house, two hours previously, with all her baggage. 'But she left a note for you, if you are Mr.

Charlie took the missive which the servant handed him and went down the steps in a sort of stupor. It was some minutes before he broke the seal, and, standing out on the inhospitable pavement, read this brief note:

pitable pavement, read this brief note:

"Dear Charlie:—The Harolds treated me as an impostor. There is but one thing for me to dofollow my husband. I can not accept charity from Madame D Eglantine; but, if it will do Violet any good, you can inclose this note to my father, with the earnest request that he will cease to trouble her, and my assurance, that, being the happy bride of a wealthy gentlemen, I do not need the dower he is so good as to try to secure for me! God bless yon, Charlie—you have been a true friend. And may He bless papa, too. Tell him I forgive him, and hope we shall meet in Heaven, if not here. Do not fret about me. I am only going to Fraser.

"Your friend
"Florence Goldbsborough Harold."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

SUMMER DAYS.

Oh, summer days, bright summer days,
How kind you are and cheery!
We think of you when harsh winds blow,
When times are sad and dreary.
We long for your benignant smile Fond memories of summers past In tender words recalling.

You come at last—but ah, too soon
The flowers you bring are dying,
Dark clouds again are overhead,
Dead leaves around are lying.
The little birds who love you well
Are grieved because you fail them;
The wounded plants hang down their heads,
For cruel frosts assail them.

Why does the lovely summer die,
With her bewitching flowers?
And why do we with fond regret
Count o er her happy hours?
Why must we part with all fair things,
And spend our time in longing,
While hopes and fears and memories
In bursting hearts are thronging?

Oh, summer has her blossoms bright,
Her sunshine and her singing,
But there are plants of heavenly growth
In human bosoms springing—
Seedlings that need the autumn blasts
And wintry desolation, No less than summer s glorious sun And spring's sweet consolation.

# The Sword Hunters;

THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS. A Sequel to " Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN," "LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XIX. THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

THREE days after this, the caravan of the Sword Hunters and their American allies entered a tremendous pass between the two I fty ports of the Snow Mountains. The scene around them was indescribably grand. Behind them lay the dark, rolling waves of the Black Hills, safely passed, and on each side of them towered a perpendicular wall of rock, shutting

in the passage exactly like the canons of America. Above them, the mountains towered away on either side, into regions of eternal snow, and the conical shape of one of them announced that it was an extinct volcano.

The pass was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and through the center of it ran a cool rippling stream, bordered with very scanty pale-tinted grass, for the walls of rock shot up so high, that even the breadth of the pass did not admit a full glare of sunlight, and the pale, sickly vegetation showed the effects of want of

The caravan was gathered into military or-der, marching along by the bank of the stream. In front rode Manuel and the six Hamraus, three of whom were mounted on the female onagras. All were armed with revolvers, and bore their razor-like swords, ready for use. The camel-drivers, with their muskets on their shoulders, trudged on either flank beside their camels, under command of Jack Curtis. Bul lard brought up the rear, with a rabble of naked Baboolas, who had accompanied them from cu riosity and greed, having heard wonderful sto-ries of the power of the white men's rifles to slay elephants, and so procure abundance of

They were now almost within sight of the "hidden country," and every heart beat high at the thought, that around the next curve in the pass the view of that wondrous land would burst on them.

Manuel could no longer restrain his impa-tience. He darted off at full speed, till the blue sky began to show through the gap, and then pulled up at the edge of an abrupt descent, lost in wonder.

The scene was all, and more than he expected. Below him, at a distance of some two thousand feet, a broad, beautiful river wound range on a spur of which he stood, and then meandered off toward the east, through a rollplain, dotted with white villages and pareled into fields, where the usual luxuriance of tropical vegetation seemed to have been pruned and trained down with a picture of perfect luxury. A network of white roads intersected the country, and every little eminence seemed to boast of a lordly mansion.

On the other side of the river, down to whose very banks it stretched, stood a large city, with broad, paved streets and numerous white temples; and from his lofty elevation Manuel could ount five more cities, in different directions. Eagerly he unslung his telescope, and exam-

ined them, to see if his conjecture as to the ar chitecture was correct. But no. It was not Egyptian in style. There was a grace and finabout it worthy of the best periods of Greek art, with all the massive solidity of the old monuments of Memphis and Thebes. And there were other features about it resembling the Hindoo, notably so the introduction of carved elephants in many places to support the roofs instead of columns. The roofs themselves were flat, and appeared to be used as promenades while bridges seemed to be thrown from house

top to housetop over the principal streets.

But the thing that most excited the gazer' attention was the presence of a large body of elephants, who appeared to be under perfect military training, and were going through their exercise on a great open field by the city on the river. They were all loaded with armed men, se weapons glittered in the sun, and seemed to be divided into parties of ten, which formed columns, and wheeled into lines with great pre-When Manuel saw the troops of obe dient creatures, so powerful and grand, and ounted fifty separate troops of ten for the first time his heart seemed to fail him, as he thought over his pigmy means of resistance to such a owerful body of men and animals, should they

efuse him admittance. And yet he was determined to persevere. The very grandeur of everything only made him more set to discover what really lay in this hitherto unknown country. He had come so far, and had seen the hidden country from the mountains; and now he was determined to

As he sat on his onagra, gazing at the scene below, Abou Hassan rode up alongside and uttered an exclamation of wonder.

'Allah Kerim!" he cried; "it is true, after all. The people that ride on elephants are there, und we have seen them."

Will you dare to go forward with me then?" asked Manuel. "Do you not fear such a great I fear nothing that my white brother fears

said the Arab, proudly. "The Hidden People have elephants, but we have swords and I will ride on with my white brother. guns. After all, they may not be so bad as they are called. The Baboolas were called robbers, and they are but beggars."

Manuel felt reassured at the confident tone of the Arab, and the whole caravan was soon

arms of the horsemen in the pass on one side,

mysterious white city.

The pass ended where they were, and the road was nothing but a steep incline of bare rock, made very slippery and dangerous in the middle by the little stream which trickled over its face, and formed green carpets of moss along

its course as it spread out.

It became evident that all their further progress must be made in full view of the people of the "hidden country." The descent was at least two thousand feet perpendicularly, and lay at an angle of not more than forty-five degrees straight down. But a narrow path appeared to have been cut in former times, just sufficient to admit of the camels going single file, which ran zig-zag across the face of the rock, and into this path Manuel rode boldly,

calling to his men to follow.

Before the caravan had half-emerged from

Manuel saw the great regiment of elephants cease its evolutions. Then came the distant note of a trumpet, remarkably deep and sonorous, which sounded a long and complicated significant of the complex o The elephants broke into a long column, marched solemnly down to the river, and drew up in line along the bank, while a horseman who had been hovering among the troop un-perceived, went off at full speed to the city. That city itself appeared to be aroused as if

by magic at the news. The white housetops became black with people in a few minutes, and all eyes appeared to be turned on the venturous caravan, which quietly pursued its way mean-while down the face of the rock.

Still the Sword Hunters kept on; and presently, out of the gate of the city, which was walled, trotted a narrow stream of horsemen, who glittered from head to foot in bright, bra-zen armor. The stream grew broader, and the men galloped out, forming squadrons a hundred broad, with as much regularity as any civilized horsemen Manuel had seen. They all bore long lances, and looked sufficiently formidable, as they moved in straight, unbroken lines.

"Hello! here comes the mud-mashers!" cried Tom Bullard, as out of a second gate, near the water, issued a glittering column of infantry, with spears and huge shields and helmets.

"Golly, fellows! They're turning out the whole empire to keep us out. What'll we do?"

"Keep on," said Curtis, carelessly. "Now we're in for it; let's see what those fellows are made of. They've no guns.

"What do you call those?" interrupted Bullard, pointing to the field below,

As he spoke, the columns of horse and foot appeared to be ended; and out of the first gate came, at a slinging trot, a long file of camels, each of which bore on its back a strange-looking machine, which appeared to be nothing more than a gigantic cross-bow, the bow being from ten to twenty feet in length. Each camel carried a rider, and was accompanied by a

"By Jove!" ejaculated Curtis; "here's anti-quity with a vengeance. It reminds me of old Wolcott and his lessons in Polybius at school. What are they going to do with those ma-

"Shoot us, I suppose," answered Bullard, coolly. "Wish'em joy. I guess we could pick em all off from here, without stirring another

Manuel said not a word. He rode on ahead, revolving plans of entering the "hidden country" without fighting, if possible, considering the enormous odds against any such attempt.

"Oh! for a single piece of artillery!" he men-illy cried. "We could put them all to flight tally cried. in a single minute if we could drop a shell in among them. But we have none, so we must

By the time the caravan had reached the foot of the mountain, there was a force of sevits way along by the foot of the mountain eral thousand men accumulated on the other side of the river, waiting in silence the advent of the strangers. The stream was about three hundred yards broad here, and there many boats on the other side. Manuel halted his party on the river bank, bid them bring their weapons to bear on the men with th camels, whom he feared most, and went down himself, accompanied by the two Baboolas whom he had retained for interpreters, to hail the enemy.

Appearances were decidedly menacing when he arrived. A long row of kneeling camels was opposite, and on their backs were the huge crossbows, bent, with arrows about eight feet ong leveled at him and his party. Obviously the enemy must have confidence in their cross bows carrying all that distance, so that missile weapons were about on an equality.

Manuel held up his open hand, with the palm toward the strangers, as if to show them that ne was unarmed. Then he sounded a long call on a bugle which he always carried by his side, and beckoned, as if to invite a parley

There was a slight stir among the strangers and presently a magnificent barge swept out of the crowd at the opposite landing, and advanced to where Manuel stood. It was propelled by twenty paddlers, and had a prow that rose up n the air in front, covered with gilding and carving, to a hight of at least twelve feet. Standing on a little hidden platform on the very top of this prow, and leaning on a richly ornamented spear, was a beautiful woman in gorgeous dress, which at once recalled to Man nel all his ideas of the great Cleopatra.

The lady was nearly white, only the faintest tint of olive marking the difference of her race from the Europeans. In fact, she was no dark er than Manuel himself, hardly so dark. He face revealed her ancestry perfectly. It had all the severe regularity of feature, with a soft sensuousness of outline, that marks the face of the mysterious Sphinx and the granite Memnon The long almond-shaped eyes, large, dark and swimming, the full red lips, the firm round chin, the oval face, framed in heavy masses of black hair, straight and silky, glistening blue in the sun, all were purely Egyptian. The hood-like head-dress of gold cloth, gleaming with jewels, and crowned with a single white ostrich feather, the long robes that left the arm bare to the shoulder, and revealed the feet in front, while trailing far behind, proclaimed the high rank of the lady; and Saki, the Baboola interpreter, whispered to Manuel:

"It is Queen Lalamina, the queen of yonder city. She is a great queen among the Mai-mounides."

Manuel had no time to inquire the meaning of his words, when the gorgeous barge swept up close to him, and the beautiful queen stood ooking at him with a strange glance, mingled of curiosity, admiration, and distrust. Manuel was a handsome young fellow enough,

by this time. He was about nineteen, and his mustache was quite respectable. He had dressed himself in a handsome sporting dress of dark velveteen that day, on purpose to look imposing, thinking to overawe half-civilized men. | she asked him:

up, and halted in the pass, gazing down at the wonderful sight below. It was a most picturesque scene, from both points of view, the gayly-clothed Arabs, and the loaded camels with addressed him in a strange tongue, which their brightly-striped housings, the glittering seemed to be composed entirely of liquids and vowels, as it fell from her mouth. But, unforand below them the serried squadrons of ele-phants moving in order by the walls of the wild Baboola, who acted as interpreter. Saki, the one who understood the queen,

swelled with importance as he translated into his own gibberish, and Toka, the second interpreter, was even more important in his own capacity, though still in mortal terror of the Elephant Riders over the river, with the strange engines of war.

"The queen of Lamphis salutes you," he translated; "and wants to know wherefore you come by the pass, never before trod by stranger in fifty years."
"Tell her," said Manuel, impulsively, "that

I came to see those beautiful eyes of hers, whose fame has gone over the whole world." Queen Lalamina smiled when she heard it.

CHAPTER XX.

QUEEN LALAMINA.

QUEEN LALAMINA smiled as the Baboola interpreter gave her the message from Manuel's lips. It was an audacious fib, but it had leaped to Manuel's tongue before he knew what he said, and it produced a good effect. The queen looked upon Manuel, and, much to his surprise, addressed him in excellent Arabic, which she had first heard him speak.

"The young stranger is too bold. Does he not know the laws of the Maimonides? It is death for any one of the outer world to cross the river of the north, unasked. It is only as a slave that he can cross it, even by invita-

"Consider me, then, as your slave, lovely Lalamina," said Manuel, eagerly; "or rather as your friend, who can help you in your wars with the Felatahs, show you how to make guns, and teach you all the wisdom of the world." Again the queen smiled, this time contemp-

"There is no wisdom in the world, outside of the children of Memnon," she said. "Twenty thousand years ago there were Farons in Soraphis, and we were kings of the world

This was all enigmatic to Manuel, except that he understood that the queen was "blowing," to use Bullard's expression.

"Can the children of Memnon bring yonder city here to us, so that one can count the stones in the walls?" he asked, pointing to the city of Lamphis, about half a mile off, and adjusting his telescope as he spoke.

'Nay," assented the queen; "no more canst thou."
"Behold, then," said Manuel, and he handed

her the telescope, guessing at the similarity of their eyesight. It so happened that he was right. The beautiful queen took the telescope without a sign of fear, looked through it at the city, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It is close by," she cried. "I can tell the faces on the walls. This is a wonderful instru-

ment "And can your people make the lightning weapons of the Felatahs?" pursued Manuel,

slinging his telescope again. "We do not wish to," answered the queen, haughtily. "It is not the custom of the Mai monides to war with evil spirits, and steal

flames from the place of torment."
"And yet," said Manuel, "if one were to come to you and show you how to make wea-pons that would throw fire, and show you that there was no mystery in it, but only a com-pound of three things, all of which are good for fire, you would not call it by such a name. come from many moons' journey away from here, and my people can make bigger weapons than ever you saw. We have great guns that would hurl a mass of iron, as heavy as three men, from here, far over the walls of your city, and could batter it to pieces from where we stand, without going a foot nearer. I come from those people to see the queen of

will do well not to reject it The queen listened attentively, and an-

'For a stranger, you promise fairly, but how can I be sure of your words? Strangers came to our country once, many thousand years ago, when our fathers dwelt by the great river of the east, and they drove us from our own land. Till then we welcomed all strangers, but since then we have kept them out for our own safety.

'And you are right, great queen," said Mannel, who recognized the legend of the conquest of Egypt in her words. "But we come dwell among you as friends, to become part of you, and to teach you how to conquer your enmies. Why should you treat us as enemies You have had Arabs among you, or how could

you have learned to speak their language? 'I learned from my slave," said the queen haughtily. "The children of Memnon learn all languages, and have slaves of all nations to

"Then let us be the first friends you admit," said Manuel, softly. "We want nothing from you but friendship, and we offer you power over all your enemies, and the knowledge of the great nations of the earth. You yourself, great queen, are but one among many. have but one city. I could make you ruler over all the rest. Now you pay tribute to

Then they will pay tribute to you. He seemed to have struck the right chordambition—at last. Saki had told him that the Elephant Riders had kings and queens in each city, who had to pay tribute to the great Faron—evidently another word for Pharaoh n the capital city of all. Queen Lalamina Then she said: hesitated.

"Send back your servants, that I may speak with you alone. You are, no doubt, a prince in your own country?"

There are three of us, said Manuel: "and we belong to the princes of our own land, for we have no master. Which was true enough, you know, for every

American citizen is a prince to himself, and owns no master. "Let your brothers advance, then," said the queen; "and send your men back.

Manuel ordered back his attendants, and beckoned forward Bullard and Curtis, who came up, dressed in their best clothes, and mounted on their fleet onagras. The gazed at them steadfastly, and seemed to be especially pleased with the bold, determined of Tom Bullard. Manuel, in a few words told them of what he had said, and then resumed his pleadings with the queen.

'We will teach you all we know," he said; 'and show you how to make steel swords like these "-and he showed his own-"and have with us three of the famous Sword Hunters, vho can slay even an elephant with their blades, if you will only allow us to be your

friends. Queen Lalamina seemed not to hear him. She was looking at Tom Bullard. Suddenly

"And what can you do, Prince Lion-face?" Tom was surprised and flattered at the epi-thet. He was a shrewd fellow, and thought

that a little bragging would do no harm.
"I can fight any twelve of your men," he said, laughing; "and kill them all, if you'll give me an open field.' The queen looked gravely at Manuel.

"Is Prince Lion-face jesting with us?" she asked, quite vexed; "or can he do what he says, Prince Ox-eye?" Manuel smiled.

"He can do it easily. He, and each of us, carries the life of twelve men at his girdle. And if you should trust to your elephants, we could put them to flight at once, from where we stand. "And if I permit you to cross," said the

queen, hesitatingly, "will you assist me against all my enemies, who are many?" "We will," said Tom Bullard, boldly. "I'm the fellow who can show your men how to

fight, and Jack, here, can help me."

The queen looked at them, doubtfully. "You say you can put my elephants to flight from here," she said. "Let me see you do it, and I will believe you, and you shall be my

friends. But my men must be free to shoot you, if they can. If you can show me what you say, I will trust you; if not, I will kill you all, except Prince Lion-face, and he shall be

The proposition was somewhat startling, for at the same minute the queen gave a signal to her paddlers, and the boat shot away over the

river. It became necessary to fight at once.

But Manuel had been prepared for this. The
caravan had already been headed round toward the summit of the pass, and, at a blast from Manuel's bugle, the whole line trotted off. It was just in time that they did so. There was heard the loud, hoarse blast of the great trumpet on the other side of the river, and the next noment a shower of the huge arrows, shot from the cross-bows, rattled against the wall of rock behind them, proving that the range of the weapons was beyond that of a pistol, for the distance was at least two hundred yards. But if the range was good, the aim was poor, and the experience satisfied Manuel that he had not nuch to fear while in motion. While the caravan kept on, he turned round and surveyed his enemy. The camel-men were winding up the winches of the huge cross-bows again, an operation that consumed a great deal of time. Manuel halted, jumped off his onagra, drew up his rifle, and took deliberate aim at the middle of the line of elephants.

He had put a shell into his rifle, and saw it crack on an elephant's forehead, as soon as he had fired. Bullard and Curtis followed his example, sending shell after shell into the huge argets, and before they had fired six rounds ne effect became apparent. Although the distance was too great for the shells to pene-trate deep enough to kill the elephants, they grew very uneasy, and as shot after shot pealed out, inflicting stinging wounds they and their drivers alike grew frightened and unmanageable. First one great beast turned and dashed among his companions, mad with pain, and then the rest caught the panic, and rushed off toward the city, knocking over camelmen, cavalry, and everything in their way, and spreading a wild stampede. The rapid fire of breech-loading rifles, and the terrible rifle-shells, small and insignificant as they looked, put the whole of that formidable force to flight in a few minutes, for they were powerless to return a shot, save by the camel cross-bows, and the elephants had overturned these in their panic flight.

Manuel and his companions rode down again to the side of the river, and found nothing left to oppose them that they need fear at that distance. The cavalry and infantry were still there, but there were such indications of waverng among them, that Manuel felt convinced that a few shots would put them all to flight. These shots he was not going to fire. He had awed the Elephant Riders with his power, but he did not wish to excite their vengeance by killing a single man. He and his friends wait-Lamphis, and offer her our friendship. She ed quietly at the ferry, and they had not long Before they had finished wiping out their rifle-barrels, the gorgeous barge swept slowly out to meet them, and Manuel noticed that the paddlers all seemed to be in mortal terror, while the face of the queen was by no means as haughty as it had been.

"Now, great queen," cried Tom Bullard, "do you think we can cross the river, if we chose to, in spite of your army? Say the word, and we'll send the men into the city, after the elephants and camels.

"I believe your words," said the queen, with inwonted humility. "You have the powers of the gods, and can destroy us. We crave

You shall have it." said Manuel courteous We offer it now as freely as before. Will you send over your boats to carry us

I will," said the queen. "Will not the Lion Prince enter my boat, to see it done?"

She indicated Bullard as she spoke, by a wave of her hand. Tom was delighted, for the queen's beauty had taken great hold on his sus-ceptible heart, already. He stepped into the ooat with alacrity, and was conducted by the beautiful queen to a seat under a canopy at

the stern. "Good-by, Jack!" he called out. "Good-by, Wiseman! I'm going to be king of the country now, and marry Queen Lalamina

And indeed it seemed not unlikely, for Queen Lalamina appeared to have fallen desperately in love with Tom at first sight. From that moment there was no more difficulty about crossing the river. Boats and barges came weeping out by the dozen from the city of Lamphis, and the caravan of the Sword Hunters was ferried over to the further bank and taken to the water-stairs of the city. But they saw no more of Tom Bullard for a long time. The queen seemed to have taken posse him for good, and Manuel and Curtis felt not a little anxious.

They were reassured, however, by the magnificent reception that awaited them at Lamphis. Broad, massive staircases of stone led up from the water, and the travelers passed through lofty archways into a street that seemed made of palaces and temples. Sumptuous ly dressed guards awaited them in long lines, and they passed along over streets paved with marble, till they arrived in front of the "Palace of the Strangers," as they were informed

it was called. Here, surrounded by crowds of obsequious slaves, who waited on them as if they had been gods, they passed the rest of the afternoon, and till no news of Tom Bullard, and no sight of the queen. About an hour before sunset, however, they received an invitation to visit the queen, and, accordingly, Manuel assumed his gayest dress, a military uniform, and Curtis attired himself in a handsome Turkish costume. Both armed themselves with their revolvers and sabers, and mounted their beautiful onagras, which were loaded with gorgeous trappings. Abou Hassan remained in charge of

the caravan in the palace, with strict orders to

The little party found a large squadron of cavalry waiting for them in the street, men clothed in brazen armor of chain-work, with conical helmets and long lances.

The cavalry seemed to have been sent as a mark of compliment for an escort, for they fell in behind in regular order, and their commanding officer, in very good Arabic, told Manuel that he was sent to show them the way to the palace.

They rode through streets, crowded with people in almost the same dress as that figured on the Egyptian sculptures thousands of years ago: and arrived at last at the entrance to the palace. This was grand beyond conception, a cateway of hewn stone nearly a hundred feet high, in front of a long avenue of sphinxes, which were backed by a second avenue of huge stone elephants with castles on their backs, the whole over a thousand feet long. Between the colossal statues were planted palm trees, which gave a pleasant shade; and at the end of the avenue was the pile of white marble buildings, which composed the palace of Queen Lala-

The friends dismounted at the doorway which was as large as a threee-story house, and entered a grand hall, surrounded with columns, at the further end of which was a glittering as semblage of people gathered round a great white throne. As they entered, a burst of martial music filled the air, and the friends advanced to the throne.

What was their surprise to see there, by the side of the beautiful queen, their old friend Tom, glittering from head to foot in armor of gold chain-work, a plume of snowy feathers waving from his helmet, while the beautiful Lalamina's arm rested confidingly on his shoulder! The queen was so covered with jewels as to dazzle the eye, and the effect of the whole picture was startling.

'It's all up, fellers," said Tom, in his quaint English, with a comical look that sat poorly on his new dignity. "'Tain't every day as a feller gets a queen to pop the question to him. I've been and gone and got married. She wouldn't take no for an answer, and says if you fellows want queens you can have 'em for the asking, if you'll only stop here, and teach 'em how to make guns and things. And a fel-

ler might do worse; say, now, couldn't he?" Queen Lalamina spoke in Arabic, saying: "My lord's friends are very welcome to stay with us as long as they like, and if they will help us in our wars, they shall be kings also.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

#### PAN AND MAN.

BY HARVEY HOWARD

The ancient poets tell that Pan, From Chaos sprung, half goat, half man; For lack of other things to love In earth below or heaven above, In love with the sweet echo fell Of notes that from his own pipe swell. And even unto death he pined Because he failed his love to find.

Oh, all ye dwellers in the earth,
Though not of Chaos was your birth,
Do ye not love and seek to find
Beings that live but in your mind?
And failing, turn and yearn and sigh
And, sick with sorrow, pine and die?
Take warning from the fate of Pan,
And if ye love, love naught but man!

#### OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Extarminator:

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM," 'DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,

"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XLV.

TWO SURPRISES. WITHOUT taking a second thought, Kit Bandy at once transferred himself from the ladder to the passage; and upon his hands and knees crept along several yards from the shaft. Then he stopped to listen, but all was silent as death itself. He thought of Ichabod lying dead

through his frame. Ichabod dead and he—had he been lured into a living grave? A horrible smothering sensation took posses-ion of him. He gasped for breath and tried to straighten himself. The walls seemed to be closing in upon him. A hot, suffocating air smote his feverish face. A dull, heavy in ment seemed pressing into his brain, and the

sensation of floating off into the illimitable fol-

in the bottom of the pit, and a shiver ran

Reader, have you ever experienced this feeling? Were you ever in a close, dark room where breathing was difficult? and where thoughts of the shadows of death were forced upon your confused mind? and while scarcely conscious of existence, seemed floating away into the Infinite? If not, you have been spared a terrible feeling, created by excitement and born of a sense of horror—the feeling of gazing up through the gloom of a living grave

A dim light suddenly flashed before the old detective's eyes, and as his bewildered senses became more collected, a human face was unfolded from the nimbus of light and looked upon him. He recognized the face at once as that of the Princess Aree, the lovely daughter of the robber lieutenant! In her hand she held a light whose rays beat upon his haggard face. This way, Kit," she said, without any cere-

mony whatever. 'Aree!—child!" exclaimed Kit. "I wish to heavens I knew whether I'm going crazy or not. I never felt so queer in all my life."

"This is a dismal hole, Kit," the girl answered, "and it's a long way out of here. Let us get out before your escape by this passage is discovered, or you may have more trouble at the other end than at this. The men have sworn eternal vengeance upon you for deserting

'Ay, the bloody hellyons," said Kit, bitter ly; "they have killed my friend Flea tumbled him into that accursed pit! If I get out of this, I shall begin a war of extermination upon Prairie Paul's band, for we already have him a prisoner upon the island."

What?" exclaimed Aree, "have you Prai-

rie Paul a prisoner?" 'We have, by the horn of Joshua; that's what I've been working for over a year. Why, Miss Aree, I bear a commission as captain of a government detective force, and have been working up these outlaw cases to a demonstration. Ichabod Flea was one of my men, but the poor, reckless devil has passed from duty

"Indeed, this is news to me," said Aree. "No doubt of it; but, Aree, do you know

anything of Idaho Tom?"
"Yes; I rescued him from that I it a few minutes ago. He awaits us at the mouth of this passage.

Oh, horn of Joshua!' exclaimed Kit, "I wish I had room and wa'n't afraid of upheaving this hill, and I'd give a terrible shout of joy. Well, well: Tom safe—glorious news.

They followed the passage along for several minutes, when Kit finally discovered they were approaching the entrance by the purity

Suddenly a figure stepped out from a kind of an alcove in the wall and confronted them. It was the form of Idaho Tom. "Horn of Joshua!" burst from Kit's lips, as

he grasped the extended hand of the young cap-"G'al to meet you, Kit," said Tom.

The young ranger looked pale and fatigued, in the glare of the garish light.

"They've been using you rough, Tom, I know by your looks," said Bandy.
"They have indeed, Kit, and when I was lowered into that shaft I thought that I'd en-

tered my grave." "It's a dismal hole. Tom: and at the bottom lies my friend Flea, a mangled mass of flesh. Tom shuddered, and a momentary silence

"I've had enough of adventure in the Black Hills to do me a lifetime," Tom finally said. "If I live to get out of this, I shall settle down into a quiet life. Aree tells me thatthat Christie Dorne is safe."

"Yes, at last accounts; but what is she to

"She is my wife" answered Tom "Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Kit, "you don't

Aree smiled, though her poor heart lay sad

"You married, Idaho Tom? When did you marry?—where?" asked Kit, in astonishment. You married us, Kit, over a year and a

half ago, in the Blue Ledge Mine."

Kit Bandy started aghast. Dumb with surprise, he stared at Idaho Tom.

Tom laughed softly at his astonishment, then

"Don't you believe it, Kit?" Kit shook his head.

"Don't you remember the nugget of gold

shaped liked a wolf's head?" Tom asked.
"I do," said Bandy, his features relaxing into a satisfied look; "that was to be the proof of the bridegroom's marriage. Thomas, allow me to congratulate you, for I'll swear to heaven I never dreamed of it being you before, Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I-I-well, I didn't want to for a while yet -until I found out what your present avocation might be.

"Horn of Joshua! this explodes the Secret of the Blue Ledge. Well, boy, I can see fur-ther than I did. When I was with Christie, I guessed that she knew who I was, but for the life of me, I couldn't get a word out of her." 'Yes, and you remember she fainted when you told the story in the hunters' camp?" said

"How in thunder do you know she fainted? and that I told a story?' Kit asked, in great

'I was there." "You wasn't."

"I was—as Antelope Arth."

"Horn of Joshua! I must be a fool—a pretty detective that can't see so thin a disse. Well, what next to surprise me?"
'Your wife, Sabina, is in the hills hunting

" persisted Aree; "I met her to-day." "That's no news, princess; I met her to-night, and if ever a man catched rats, I did. We parted—I outran her, but the Lord only nows when she may drop upon me like a hawk a hurricane—a painter.

"We had better be getting away from here," said Tom. "Aree tells me the boys are encamped on an island a few miles from here.

"Yes; they are."
"Will you go with us, Aree?"

They filed out of the cavern and with closed ntern moved away toward the ford. An hour's journeying brought them to the water's edge, where Aree again bid Tom farewell and nished before he could respond.

Kit le1 the way along the river toward the point where he and Ichabod had left the boat. As they approached the place they heard a footstep. Both stopped and listened. Some one was near the boat. Was it friend or foe For a minute they were undecided what course o pursue; then a low, peculiar whistle arrested their attention

Kit seized Tom by the arm, and the youth could see that he was terribly agitated by the sound he heard.

'Lord!-horn of Joshua!" he exclaimed: 'did I hear aright, Tom?"

The whistle was repeated.

A cry burst from old Kit's lips, and he bounded forward and grasped the hand of the

man at the boat. Great horn of Joshua, Ichabod!" he exclaimed, wringing his friend's hand, "I mourned you as dead—I s'posed you lay smashed flatter than a pancake and deader than Abel in the

bottom of that infernal pit." "Not a bit of it, Christopher Bandy," said "I sprung out of the cabin window, and just as I went out a robber came rushing into the room in the darkness, and fell head long into the pit."

Well, verily, the Lord favors us after all, for you are alive, and here's Idaho Tom, Ichaod. Mr. Taylor, my friend, Mr. Flea."
Tom and Ichabod shook hands and congratu-

lated each other on his escape.

Then the trio stepped into the boat, pushed out into the river, turned and moved up the

They had journeyed half the distance to the island, when the terrible clash of firearms came

from the direction of the island. "My great-grandfather!" cried Kit, "they 're in trouble at the island—pull, Ichabod, pull

Ichabod and Kit both being provided with a paddle, sent the craft leaping through the water like the blood through their veins, and as they advanced the sound of battle grew louder, more terrific, more deadly!

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

A HAPPY REUNION "THE Indians have got aboard the island, decided Kit, when they had rounded a bend where they could see the flash of the death-dealing weapons, "and it will be a bloody fight. We must have a hand in it, boys. Pull, Ichabod, pull."

In a minute more they reached the upper side of the island and landed, but by this time the conflict had ended, and the wild, triumphant shouts of the rangers told who were th victors. To this victory was added the joyful tidings of Idaho Tom's safe return, and again the hills flung back, in echoes, the wild shouts that burst from the lips of the rangers.

reigned, but the startling information that of thanks Prairie Paul had escaped during the conflict in a measure put an end to their rejoicing. How the outlaw captain had escaped, no one knew to a certainty; but the general impression at once prevailed that Qadocq and his wife had released him. During the fight these three had been left alone in the cabin, the half-breeds regarding the struggle and its final result with a cool

ndifference that was decidedly remarkable. When accused of releasing the prisoner, and threatened for their meddling, the twain simoly denied it, and at the same time manifested no uneasiness whatever. Dakota Dan rushed into the cabin soon after

on his release; and then going to the basket, bent over it, saying: "The baby's safe, is it? the little codger!
Thomas—Idaho Tom, come here and see what

pet we rough ole bears have got.

Tom came in and looked at the baby.
"Ar'n't he a delicious little sockdolager? Lord! you'd ort to hear him cry and crow kick and fight. I tell ye, he's a royal little angel of a Bengal tiger. Jist stoop down and et him pull yer whiskers, and fetch ye one atween the eyes with that chubby fist, and then you'll feel like goin' to heaven."

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit Bandy, man—Dan-yil, if you'd ever 'a' been married as I've been, you'd not gush so over an Ingin

"Ingin nothin'!" exclaimed Dan. "Look at it, and if ever you see'd a whiter, purtier, sweeter little angel, tell me of it. That one hangin' thar is red." "It is a white baby, and how the deuce doe

t come? Must be somethin' wrong. Ingins, hain't you been stealin'?" The woman looked at the man, who shook

his head, demurely. It's no use whinin', boys; that baby has no business here," said the old detective; "look at its clothes and its face, for evidence of good parentage. And, dogged if I haven't some one it resembles; and who can it be?" and he pressed his brow reflectively.

Meanwhile, Darcy Cooper and the rangers, assisted by Snowball, the darkey, and chabod Flea, were looking after the safety of the island, and removing the bodies of the enemies who had fallen in the late conflict. When this was done, half a dozen guards were posted at different points around the island, and every

precaution taken to prevent another surprise. Dakota Dan and Kit Bandy, however, could not remain quiet on the island, and nothing would do but that they must go ashore and watch the movement of the enemy. Kit vow-ed his intention of recapturing Prairie Paul if he had to stay in the hills ten years. He had promised to deliver the outlaw chief, dead or dive, to the government authorities, and he meant to do it

The two old scouts embarked in a canoe, going down the river. They did not use a paddle, but for safety, permitted the craft to float at the current's will. In this manner they journeyed on over a mile from the island, Kit Bandy relating his adventures of the night as they went. He told Dan, also, of the secret of the Blue Ledge Mine, and it was with no little astonishment that the old ranger received the news of Idaho Tom's marriage with Christie

Finally they turned in toward the west shore, and as they approached the bank, Humility, whom his master had taken along, set up a low

cry of alarm. Enjoining silence upon the animal, they listened, and to their surprise, heard some one speaking in a subdued tone on shore. Both were too cautious to make any sound by which an enemy might obtain a knowledge of their position; but had decided to allow their boat to drift beyond danger, when a voice call-

'Halt! who comes there?" "Bow-wow!" barked Humility, before his master could prevent him; and that the dog nad done just what they did not dare do themselves, they resolved to make the best of their

It's us, that's who. That is not satisfactory, sir," replied the

challenging party.
"Oh, it ar'n't? Well, this feller with me is Dakota Dan, and the gentleman with Dan-yil is ole Kit Bandy," answered the detective.

By George! can this be possible? Lay to, gentlemen, and land. I am Major Loomis, of Mennovale, and with me is a lady and gentleman in great distress. Come ashore, gentlemen, come ashore.

Both Kit and Dan recognized the old major's

oice, and at once put ashore.

The major met them with extended hands, and after a cordial greeting, conducted them into a sort of cavern, in the towering bluff overlooking the river, where, before a dim fire, sat Herbert Dorne and his sister Christie. Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, in aston-

Both Herbert and Christie rose and advanced with greetings to the old bordermen. 'Of all other men," said Herbert,

the two whose presence is most desired.' Why, young friends, what's the matter?" are in trouble—distress, Mr. Bandy, said Christie, with tears in her eyes. "Some vagabond Indians have carried my child away, and we are in search of them, with little

'Then dismiss all care and trouble, Mrs. Taylor," said Kit, "for I know where your child is; we just left it."

A cry of joy burst from Christie's lips "I tell ye it's a royal little chunk of sweetness," put in old Dan.

"You addressed my sister as Mrs. Taylor, Kit; upon what authority?" asked Herbert. Upon the authority that solemnizes a mar-Idaho Tom, the scamp, has proven to

me, beyond doubt, the secret of the Blue Ledge Mine marriage. "Can you establish the fact of your being a legal officer at the time of the marriage?"

Very easily, sir; moreover, I have married a number of couples since that time. You have to refer to the records of Carson City to ascertain these facts. What makes you doubt my authority to solemnize a marriage, is the opinion you have formed of me from my general appearance. But, Mr. Dorne, I have had a method in my strange, rude conduct, talk and actions; and I'll tell you why: I am a detec tive—one of the government force. I have not only been sent into the hills here to ferret out the hiding-places of Prairie Paul's band, but to keep an eye upon the agents of the government who have been accused of practicing gigantic frauds upon the Indians and government in various ways. Here, sir, is the com-mission I hold," and he handed Herbert a stained and worn paper for perusal. 'Do you know where Tom is?" asked

Christie. with the glad tidings, she sat down and wept | ishing them.

For some time the most joyful confusion with happiness, mentally murmuring a prayer

"Well, it won't do for you to remain here much longer," said Kit, "you're in the immediate vicinity of Prairie Paul's headquarters; and the outlaws, with forty or fifty outlaw Indians, are raising the old Harry.

"But we have horses near that we will have to leave," said Major Loomis. "You will have to leave them, and perhaps

they will escape the eyes of the enemy for a day or two," answered Bandy. "We have our animals on the island, and I'm afraid they'll starve to death unless we get 'em off soon

It required but a few minutes for all to pre-

pare for return to the island. Embarking in the canoe, Kit and Dan used the paddles with such skill and adroitness that the conflict was ended and congratulated Tom the occupants could scarcely hear a sound. In this manner they crept along through the mis-ty night, and ere they were expecting it a ard on the island challenged them.

Dakota Dan answered, when they were permitted to put ashore and land. "Where's Idaho Tom?" asked Kit, the moment he stepped ashore.
"In the cabin."

The old detective led Christie across the island and into the cabin, where a bright fire was burning, and before which Idaho Tom sat,

silently regarding the child in the basket, and the dusky woman seated by it. "Oh, Tom! Tom!" cried Christie, the instant

her eyes fell upon him. Tom started up at the sound of her voice and the next instant the young husband and wife were clasped in each other's embrace?

CHAPTER XLVII.

ARCHES OF FIRE.

In the bliss consequent upon their unexpect ed meeting, Tom and Christie forgot all els that a score of others were witnesses to their oyous reunion and the words of love and

thanks that fell from their lips.

Herbert stole slyly to the basket in which slept Christie's baby, and lifting the child in his arms, walked to where the young couple

"My dear friends, with your child, receive my forgiveness and my eternal blessing."

The young couple were rendered speechles

by this new joy. Christie clasped her child to her breast, while Tom turned, and taking Herbert's hand, at length said: "Herbert, I have lived in the hope and be

lief that this hour of joy would come."
"Three cheers for Idaho Tom, his wife and baby!" burst from old Dan's lips, and the next moment the hills re-echoed the shouts that pealed from the lips of the rangers and the detectives.

After all had become reconciled and gather ed around the fire, the scene presented was that of a happy family gathering, from grandfathers Bandy and Rackback, down to the lisping babe.

some one called attention to the fact, when Dakota Dan said:

"Thar's but one pusson wanted to complet "And who's that!" asked Ichabod Flea.

"Sabina Bandy, who's abroad somewhere in the hills." Kit and Ichabod roared with laughter.

"That's a good one, Dan, 'said Flea.
"Delicious—superb," added Kit; "for, Dan-yil, thar's no such a person in existence as Sa-

"Then you murdered her?" responded Dan.
"There's the Sabina that you saw," said Kit, pointing to Ichabod. "He has been following me in female disguise for six months. It has been a part of my programme that he should; and if ever there was an opportune arrival, it was when he released me from the utlaws and Indians to-night. He almost over did the thing, however, in personifying an enraged wife, especially when he pulled my

An outburst of laughter pealed from his au-

ditors' lips.
"Well, what in the name of sense is to come next?" exclaimed old Dan, somewhat embar-

I hope no further trouble," said Major

"Me, too, major," said Dan, seriously; "but, somehow or other, I have had a strange presentiment since the moment I fust saw that little child. The contrast between it and me. tells me that my days of usefulness are about over; and I feel as though I war expectin' or waitin' for something, I know not what. Major, do you b'lieve in presentiments?" "Only in those that cast a visible shadow

before," answered Loomis. Dan sighed, and stealing a sly glance at Christie's baby, that seemed conscious of the happiness of its parents and was celebrating the reunion by a series of kicks and crows, h rose to his feet and went out into the open air and, calling Humility to his side, around to the building where old Patience was hitched. Here he sat down, caressed his dog and the mare that fondled around him. could not remain inactive, however, and going

to the cabin he announced his intention of go ing ashore to watch the enemy. Then he walked away to the upper side of the island, and springing into a canoe, took Humility in with him and embarked for the west shore "There's something preying on Dan's mind, boys," remarked Kit Bandy, as the old ranger

left the cabin. "He seems a little down," said Major Loo mis, "but I presume it's because he hasn't had a fight for an hour or two. Singular it is, how ne's habits effect the mind and body.

Meanwhile the half-breed, Qadocq, and his wife, had sat silently by, demure spectators to what was going on. Christie had spoken kindly to the woman, for she could not find it in her heart to censure the poor savage creature for her great desire to possess the white baby. Her mother, Mrs. Cummings, was the one upon whose shoulders all blame fell for the child's abduction.

The night wore slowly away without any further demonstrations from the Indians. It was nearly morning ere Dakota Dan returned to the island. He brought the news

that a number of Indians and outlaws had been busily engaged during the whole night erecting a raft on the river in the vicinity of the ford He did not ascertain the purpose for which it was intended; however, the object was quite obvious to all—a general assault upon the isl-The situation of our friends seemed to become

more precarious every hour they remained upon the island. They could not escape now by a sudden dash, or any movement requiring exposure, physical hardships and endurance, for they had the care of a woman and babe resting upon their shoulders; and there was not man but what would have died rather than de sert them.

Another enemy besides the outlaws would "He's at the island, too," answered Bandy.

Joy's radiance settled upon every feature of supplies were already nearly exhausted, and the poor young thing's face; and, overcome there was but little chance afforded for replen-

"Don't cry before you're into the fire," enoined old Dan; "we can kill and eat a hoss uther than starve.

The night finally wore away, and a new day was ushered in. The sun rose in a clear sky. The forest trees shook the mist from their robes in the morning air. The birds sung their carols as of yore. The river swept on in its power and might. The fair face of nature beamed upon all with resplendent beauty, and filled the hearts of the besieged with renewed hopes and

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to "Alphabetical," in your last issue, for a remedy for consumption in its first stages, I can recommend Dr. Pierce s "Golden Medical Discovery," if taken according to directions, for it has been thoroughly tried in my family, and the results were glorious. "Alphabetical" must not expect one bottle to do the work—my wife took three bottles before she could discover any change, but after the third bottle every dose seemed to strengthen the lungs, and now she is well and hearty. If "Alphabetical" will write to me I will get witnesses to the above.

HENRY H. M. PATTON.

Lawrence, Marion County, Ind.

—Cincinnati Times, Feb. 4, 1875.

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#### TOO SURE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Of course I knew she loved but me And nightly dreamed about me,
How well was I assured that she
Could never live without me!
I knew full well she was aware
That I had not an equal,
And if to slight her love I'd dare
She would not live a week well.

I loved her like a house aftre;
My thoughts were all about her;
She was the dream of my desire
And life were dark without her.
Low on her shrine I d laid my heart
And paid my adoration,
And would not with the maiden part
For all the wide creation.

Now, when I saw her walk with Wright
Upon a pleasant Sunday
I vowed that I would wreak my spite
Before the end of Monday.
Sure of her love, and just to make
Her soul o'erflow with sorrow,
And cause her tender heart to ache,
I wrote upon the morrow—

"Dear Miss," I put it short, you see,
"It is without emotion
That I would say you now are free,
For I have changed my notion.
With any other in the town
You're free to go at leisure.
Good-by." I thought to bring her down
And inly smiled with pleasure.

I got her note, triumphantly
I oped the precious treasure.

"Sam Wright last night proposed to me:—
Your letter gives me pleasure."
Could I believe the words I read?
To desperation goaded
I snapped a pistol at my head—
But it had not been loaded.

I took of arsenic quite a lump
But it proved cream of tartar,
Then in a cistern did I jump
But it contained no water.
Upon a railroad I laid down
To die a death that's common
Then went and hung myself upo
The love of another woman.

## A Month's Wages.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

WARM May sunlight falling on an uncovered glory of golden-brown hair, and lighting up a sweet, thoughtful face that was lifted, with a dainty, weary air, from a high-piled basket of sewing -Ellice Merwin, it was, pretty, lily-like Ellice Merwin, who seemed as much out of place in that stuffy little room, with coarse sewing between her fingers, as a rare, delicate hot-house flower would have looked among a bed of flaunting peonies.

Yet very brave, very patient, as she laid her sewing down, with a glance at the clock, and arose and shook the lint and ravelings from her white apron, then went softly into an adjoining room where the outlines of a low white couch were visible in the duskness.

Her low, gentle voice was barely more than a whisper as she stood on the threshold, inquiringly.

'Lettie, dear?"

A little rustle of the sheets, and an answer. "I am not asleep, Ellice—I wish I was. If I only could get asleep once more—and never wake up! Oh, Ellice, if you knew how weary I am of everything!"

Ellice was on her knees beside the cot in a second, her cool, pulsing hands caressing the hot head, her smooth cheek laid with such infinitely pitying tenderness against the throb-

Dear—not tired of me? I wish you could sleep-but you know Dr. Ames insisted you should not take any more chloral. Try to be patient, Lettie-you will try to be, won't you, while I am gone? You know I would so gladly sit by you, dear, but there is bread and but-ter to earn, and rent to pay, and only I to do

Her voice never quivered in its low, clear tones—Lettie Merwin never dreamed of the hopeless pain away down in fair Ellice's heart the pain that gnawed ceaselessly, not so much from the unaccustomed position in which she had found herself a year ago, and in which she so long?" had been obliged to remainnot so much from this, as from that other deathless misery that had begun when she learned of Clive Greyland's faithlessness, a year ago, at the same time misfortune came to the Merwin girls

Ellice was thinking of him now, with the smarting pain at her heart that she was womanly enough and brave and unselfish enough to keep down from sight—that she never talk ed about, and that now, coming in a burst of almost passion from Lettie's pallid lips, terrified her into momentary fear that Clive Greyland's name had such potency over her. Lettie had closed her throbbing fingers over

Ellice's hand, with a grip of fever strength. Yes-you can work, work, work, and all I can do is to lie here and see you killing your-self. Ellice, why doesn't God punish Clive Greyland for deserting you in your hour of He, with his hundreds of thousandsyou with your lame, sick sister, and your poverty, and your courage, and your pride!

Ellice started from her knees beside the cot. 'Hush, Lettie! Mr. Greyland's is a name I never wish to hear, even from you. It is near ly one o'clock, see? The bells will ring in a moment, and I must not be late, you know.

She did not even pause before the little looking-glass with that quick scan of pardonable girlish interest in her appearance, but took down her hat and shawl-somber, unobtrusive garments of brown hue-and put them on. Then she kissed the querulous, childish mouth —such pretty, fresh lips Lettie's would have been had not years of illness set their seal on

'Try to be good until six o'clock dear. have left some sugared oranges on the table where you can reach them, and here is the library copy of 'The Miller of Silcott Mill' for you. I will open the shutters a little, shall I-

And then she went smiling away to the Falsington Factories, where she earned her twelve dollars a week, and worked from seven till twelve, from one till six, for it, leaving only the brief before and aftertimes and between whiles to care for her household duties.

Yet—had not only the memory of Clive Greyland, with his handsome blonde face, his low, tender, caressing voice, his ardent dark eyes, his languid grace, his well-bred hauteur, haunted her nights in her dreams, and days over her loom-Ellice Merwin would not have been positively unhappy. Her grand nature was constituted to rise above the disappointments and sacrifices of her outer life, and it would eventually triumph over her embittered heart-life—but as yet, the wound was still unhealed, try though she did, mightily, to replace her yearning love for her recreant lover with the bitter anger and contempt with which Let-

tie always regarded him. Her quick walk through the May eventide, that day, touched her cheeks with a pink tint as pure and dainty as an oleander bud, and her beautiful, thoughtful eyes had in them a sparkle of excited glow as she went up to the great his voice, as if he regretted what he had to do? gate, as the bell ceased its sonorous clanging-

two minutes too late, and Mr. Forester Falsington was well known as the strictest, while one

of the kindest, most gentlemanly employers. Two minutes late—it meant not only a percentage off her wages, but a reprimand from Mr. Falsington himself when Saturday night should come. Two minutes late—and Ellice's eyes glowed and sparkled like fire, and her cheeks grew more vividly red as she thought how unjust it would be of Mr. Falsington.

And some one opened the gate on the inside and bowed and smiled and looked very earnest-

ly at her as she passed in.
"Somebody—" and Ellice's heart gave a hor ribly suffocating leap, to her throat, as she looked up into two gentlemen's faces—Mr. Forester Falsington's, with his gravely respectful, smiling eyes meeting hers as he lifted his hat as if she had been a princess, and Clive Greyland's, handsome, as ever, but not so de bonnair and easily gratified as the night he had taken her in his arms and kissed her good-by a twelvemonth before, and then, never had come again. Only a second of conscious, flushing embarrassment, then she drew her figure up and looked straight in Mr. Falsington's eyes and bowed and went in from the sweet fra-grant May-day, to the ceaseless, irking labor that the soft south wind and the golden sunshine seemed to mock.

It seemed to Ellice Merwin that Saturday night had never been so long coming in all her life before—not so much that she was feverishly wondering if her trial would result in per manent employment by Mr. Falsington, or if her unlucky tardiness that fateful noontime would argue in her disfavor—as that she was consumed by restless, intense excitement to know what there was between Mr. Falsington and Clive Greyland. It was the destiny of it that made her so hotly impatient for Saturday night to come; she could not have helped it if her life had been the forfeit. Those two days between—the Thursday and the Friday—she wondered, oh, so often, what Clive Greyland had in common with Mr Falsington; she wondered if he had dared laugh and jest about her and his summary neglect of her—imagined how he was, in all probability, paying court to the ladies at Ivy Villa, where the Falsingtons lived, where Greyland was doubtless visiting and Lettie wondered at the unwonted emphas of Ellice's manner, and never dreamed that Clive Greyland had crossed her path, that the Fates were righting things very simply. Then Saturday came—Saturday night, when the leaves were motionless and the setting sun slanted golden and warm, like a silent blessing through the huge yawning windows, when the hum and rattle of the machinery had given place to Sabbath calm, when scores of girls had walked up to the cashier's desk to receive their sealed envelope of wages, and depart, gay and blithesome to their pleasures.

But several of the operatives were left in the big silent room, and Ellice Merwin was among them, nervously tying afresh her plain little tie, and wondering if anything was going to

happen her.

Dolly Moore came briskly out of the cashier's office, her black eyes snapping, her mouth in one wreath of smiles as she opened her shabby little pocketbook.

"I tell you, girls, he's a beauty—that new cashier that pays off to-night! Oh, my! only wait till you see his handsome eyes! Miss Merwin, would you believe, he actually asked me if you were waiting yet. He's seen you and een smitten, I suppose.'

Ellice lifted her eyebrows in a sudden haughty way the Falsington factory girls had tried in vain to imitate, then, had to smile at Dolly's face. 'You foolish girl! as if the new or old cash

ier had ever seen one of us until to-night. Your turn, Kathie, or mine?" It was hers, and she bowed to the girls and entered into the walled-off office of the cashier

of the mills-to look up, and meet Clive Greyland's earnest, searching eyes.
"Miss Merwin! Ellice! is it really true that

I see you to speak with you once more—after A wild throbbing,

ruly heart, then her usual calmness as she bowed slightly. 'Really true. My money, if you please

He laid his hand on an envelope bearing her ame in his own handwriting, and looked at her sharply. "Ellice-is it to be thus after so long? El-

lice! because I treated you shamefully will you not have pity on me? Ellice, I am down, o-a salaried man, Ellice, but who regrets-Her eyes grew darker and darker: then she

interrupted him suddenly. "Pray spare me both a resume of your pecuniary condition and your regrets. treat me shamefully, and I shall only treat you justly. My wages, please, Mr. Greyland."
She wondered at it herself—this indifference

that had so suddenly come to her, that a fortnight ago she would have declared was impos-Yet it had not come suddenly, after all -only the occasion that demanded it, and the demand for her outraged affection had been

And he saw the pitilessness of her eyes and face, and knew she despised him who had loved him so-knew he had deliberately cast from him a pearl he might never more regain; and, in revenge for the days and the nights of anguish Ellice Merwin had passed, there came to Clive

Greyland such remorse as men seldom suffer. He handed her her money, half-reluctant to end this interview.

"And that is all? There is no hope whatever for me, Ellice?"

It was foolish in him, and he saw it at once, 'Miss Merwin, if you please.'

She turned, with a slight bow, but his voice detained her. "Mr. Falsington wished me to request you

to step into his office-" Ellice's heart fairly stopped, not at Greyland's cold tones, but at the probability his words suggested.

'Discharged"—that was what it meant, and Clive Greyland would know it, and Lettie would cry, and she—where would she go, what

And, somehow, there seemed a more confusing noise buzzing in her ears than even the machinery had made, and she felt strangely like making a cry-baby of herself—tall, dignified Ellice Merwin, whom the girls secretly called the "Duchess" and "Lady Ellice"-she actually winking to keep back the rebellious tear crystal from off her lashes as she entered the elegant little office of the wealthy, handsome manufacturer, who was going to discharge her ecause she had been two minutes late, staying home to comfort Lettie and hearing her berate Clive Greyland! Clive Greyland! hated him as she bowed to Mr. Falsington, who instantly arose, with his gravely courte ous grace-and-was Ellice foolish or childish, or sentimental, or what, that she dared imagine there was a tone of tender sympathy in

"Miss Merwin, you-"

Somehow, Ellice felt she never could endure it. To be discharged! To be discharged from a factory-and Clive Greyland to hear of it and smile over it! She raised her lovely eyes impulsively.

"Please, Mr. Falsington, don't say it—don't say what you were going to. Indeed I will do as you wish—only, don't say it in so many She was as fair as a flower, standing in the

full glow of the dying sunshine, and Mr. Fal-sington smiled oddly at her.
"Not say it, Miss Merwin? How, then, can

you do as I wish if I do not express my wish-

His kind voice seemed such a relief after the nnatural interview with Clive Greyland, and the tears that trembled on her lashes rolled down on her cheeks.

"But I know, I could not help being late that day, and I know I don't suit at all. I will go, Mr. Falsington-only, I can't be discharged. It would kill me."

He walked quickly over to her, and if Ellice had only looked up and seen his eyes!

"Miss Merwin—Ellice—plainly you do not understand. I shall discharge you—hark, Elice, because I have learned to love you so dearly. I want you for my darling wife, Ellice-little girl—am I too old—too plain?"

Her breath seemed stopping with bewilder-ment. Forrester Falsington asking her to be his wife-her, whom Clive Greyland had scorned, then vainly pleaded to?

A dizzy, strange joy almost suffocated her— Forrester Falsington, the ideal of all that was truly manly and noble—could she love him did she love him?

"Ellice, dear—you do not hate me?" His low, eager tone, his entreating, hand-

some face— Her woman heart conquered, and Ellice Mer-win and little lame Lettie went to Ivy Villa, never again to know aught but happiness and love; while Clive Greyland sought another sit-uation than that of cashier to the husband of the woman who was discharged for love's sake.

#### Master or Man?

BY EBEN E REXFORD.

Lois Brand stopped on the bridge, and leaned over the low railing, watching the rip-ples on the waters, and the little minnows larting about in that restless fashion of theirs, which made her think of the shuttles flying through the warp in the weaving-room at the factory. She wished she could forget every thing connected with the factory for a little She thought she could rest, then. But she had watched the shuttle moving in its swift way back and forth so long that the sight of almost any moving thing brought it before her, and she had listened for so long to the thunder and crash of loom and wheel that she heard them everywhere. She thought, sometimes that she should never get the sound of them out

As she stood there on the old bridge, think ing, in an idle, spiritless kind of way, of what a pleasant thing life must be when there is no such drudgery, no such terrible monotony in it, as had wrapped hers in from childhood, shutting out everything she had hoped for most, like a wall, a step upon the creaking

planks aroused her. She turned, and saw that her companion was Dick Evans. His honest face was aglow at sight of her. To him, she was the one woman in the world.

"Good-morning, Dick," she said, in a tired kind of way. "Are you going to the mill? What a fool I am to ask you that, though! I might know that there's no other place for such eople as we are to go to. When we get into the mills, once, we never get out. It's for life, or death, I don't know which. I don't think I should care much, if it wasn't for Fan.'

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way, Lois," Dick said, in that grave, gentle way of his. "There's no need of your killing yourself at the loom, as you're doi: to say yes, Lois, and you know there's nothing I'd be gladder to hear."

"I know, Dick," she answered, a little more tenderly, but with much bitterness in her voice "I am sure I could be happy, quite happy with you, but-there's Fan. It wouldn't be right for me to marry you, Dick, and bring you such a load as two women, and one of them helpless as a baby, would be. I could help my self, and you, but with me you'd find your hands full; when you come to think of poor Fan-and you nothing but your two hands! can't say yes, Dick, thinking of that! It wouldn't be right for me to."

"Didn't I know all about Fan when I asked you to marry me?" Dick said, earnestly. hadn't been willing to work for both of you do you s'pose I'd have asked you any such stion? You know better, Lois. I under stand the case, Lois, and am willing to run the risk of the consequences. Poor Fan wouldn't be half the burden to me, if you were to marry me, that she is to you. Besides, a man can work so much easier if he thinks he is working for some one who loves him-if he has a home of his own. Don't you know that, Lois? puts life and energy into him. If I knew that you were waiting for me, after day's work was done, in a home of our own, the hardest job would be a pleasant one. The thought of the kiss you'd give me, when I got home, would help me more than the promise of a better place or extra wages. You'd better say yes,

Clang, clang, rung out the factory bell. The sound of the bell was always getting tangled up with her life. It was always breaking in upon her dreaming. It roused her now to the reality of what was before her.

"There's the bell, Dick," she said, drawing a long sigh, as she turned her face factoryward. "I don't think I'd better say yes, Dick. It wouldn't be right."

"Think it all over, before you decide," he said, walking along with her through the street leading up to the factory. "Don't let the thought of Fan, or the hard work I'd have to do, keep you from saying yes, if you love me, Lois.

They went into the factory together. The wheels were turning round and round in their tireless way. She wondered if they would ever stop? The warp was waiting for her at her loom. It made her think of a spider's web She wondered if life were not a great spider's web, that many people got caught in, and couldn't get away from. The old factory looked more like a spider to-day than ever.

It was toward noon when Ralph Leverson came up to her loom. He was her employer. This great factory, and the men and women in

He stood and watched her deft, well-trained fingers working among the threads. They had worked among them so long that they moved about mechanically. Lois couldn't help thinking, sometimes, that she was getting to be a

pleasure and the beautiful things of life in her existence as in the iron-brained machine before her, which seemed to keep up a steady thinking of one thing from one day's end to an-

"Lois, I want to talk to you," young Leverson said, by-and-by. "I suppose you never thought of such a thing as my caring for you, but-I do, Lois. I've watched your face for a long time, and I've grown fond of it. face that tells how much your life lacks to make it pleasant. Let me bring the lacking pleasure, Lois. Will you be my wife?"

Lois had thought more than once that he cared for her. He had been very kind to her. He was a perfect gentleman, and she knew that he was in earnest. She thought about it all in a swift, muddled way. She thought about Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill at thought of his love for her, that was like a reaching out of hands to him. And yet, Dick was poor, miserably poor. He had only his hands, she thought, and then something cried out to her that he had more: he had a great, honest, loving heart. But Leverson was rich. He could give her all the beautiful things she had craved so vainly. A confused vision of pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and books, and the sound of music went whirling and surging through her brain, to the accompaniment of

the grinding, pitiless wheels.
"1 can't think now," she cried, putting up both her hands to her throbbing brow. "ask me to!—some other time I'll tell you."

"You are killing yourself here," he said, ten derly. "Try to think favorably, Lois," and then he left her.

The wheels went round and round. Her thoughts went on and on. Should she choose for her heart? Then she thought of Dick, Dear, patient, willing Dick. For her selfish self? Then she thought of Leverson. How the machinery crashed its iron jaws. She thought it was trying to get hold of her, and fancied it was a great animal snarling at her.

"I'm going home," she said, at last, sick, dizzy, faint. "I should go crazy if I stayed

She put on her bonnet and shawl and went out into the cool October air. How peaceful the hills looked. She wished she were one of them. Then nothing would fret her. The endless turning of the wheels, the grinding, crashing din, would be nothing to her.

Oh! which to choose? Which to choose? The words made a little verse of themselves, and set themselves to the monotonous hum of turning spindles, and the click-clacking of darting shut

She went toward home in a slow, round-about way. Suddenly the factory bell smote the air with a swift clangor that hurt her ach ing head terribly. She wondered what the matter was. She heard a cry of fire, and all at once a great black cloud of smoke broke from the upper windows of the building. She turned about and went back. Perhaps

there was something her tired hands could do. What would become of her if the factory burn-What would become of a hundred others like her, who earned their daily bread there? But she knew before she reached the mill that it could not be saved. The windows were

loopholes of fire. The eaves were wreathed with twisting flames. There was no hope. Suddenly a great cry rung out from the crowd. At the window cf his office, up-stairs, she saw Leverson's frightened face. He must have been asleep, and undreaming of the awful danger so near by. She thought it was death.

ne could see no way of escape for him.
"I'll try to save him," cried a voice she -Dick's voice, and there was something grand in the sound of it. And then she saw him fighting his way through the flames, an l the last glimpse of his face showed her he brave it was, in the wild tempest of fire and

She held her breath, pale and still, and waited, while her heart kept saying over, "Dear Dick, oh, God, save him!" in a prayerful kind of way. She knew then that the lover who was risking his life so nobly was more to her than the lover he was risking his life for could ever be. She had made her choice.

Suddenly she caught sight of Dick's face at the window of Leverson's room. He had Leverson in his arms, for the master had fainted.

"Throw up a rope!" shouted Dick, and some strong hand flung one to him. He fastened the conscious man to it, and let him down just as the flames burst out of the window below him wrapping the whole front of the great mill in a

eething sheet of fire. A groan went through the crowd. There was no hope for Dick. He had saved a life and

lost his own.
"Dick! Dick!" rung out a woman's voice,
wild, sharp and shrill with pain, "try to save

yourself for my sake!"

He heard, and leaned far out of the window, a wild desire to save his life for the sake of the woman he loved. He saw the wire of one of the lightning-rods not a foot away from the Maybe it would be strong enough to vindow. bear him. But it was through a hell of fire. But, Lois had called him, and he would make a wild, desperate, almost hopeless effort to save

He leaned out and grasped the rod, and wung himself over the window sill, and slipped down, down! The rod blistered his hands but he clung to it. The flames billowed up around him, and broke over him, but he held his breath, and slipped down, down! and the last he remembered he was slipping down, and the thought had got into his brain that he was always going down, down! and then-a

The first thing he remembered after that, a woman's face was bending over him, and a woman's tears were dropping on his face, and a voman's kiss was on his lips, and a woman's voice was saying, "Oh, Dick, poor, noble, brave, dear Dick!" in a broken way, and he opened his eyes to see Lois above him, and he thought it must be heaven, and whispered, "Is it yes, And she answered yes, with a great

thankfulness in her eyes and voice. They told him he was a hero. And Leverson came and took his poor wounded hands in his, and told him he had saved his life, and that he should do great things by him to prove

Base-Ball.

And Lois is satisfied with her choice.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

THE League clubs have not been doing the est of fielding in their pennant contests of late, their July record showing a poorer average than that of July in 1875. The Chicago and Boston clubs have been dealing heavily in double figure scores, while the Louisville and St. Louis nines have shown the best record in single figure contests. The first week's play in mere machine. There was about as little of the following position of the contesting nines:

THE LEAGUE PENNANT RECORD

Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis.	Hartford	Boston	Louisville.	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati.	Games won
Chicago St. Louis Hartford Boston Louisville Mutual Athletic Cincinnati.	2 3 0 1 1 1 1 0	2 3 3 3 1 0 2	33 0 1 4 0 1	634 -4110 -	9452 321	54273   30	566641	7746364	37 29 27 25 19 17 11 6
Games lost	8	14	12	19	26	24	31	37	171

Saturday, August 5, was a day of surprises n the pennant race, the Hartfords on that day being defeated by the Mutuals by 4 to 1, after a splendid fielding game by the Brooklyn team; while the Chicagos had to succumb to the Louisvilles by 4 to 2. The worst defeat sustained by a League club during the first week of August was that the Athletics met with at the hands of the Live Oaks, of Lynn, who captured the Philadelphians on August 1st to the handsome tune of 8 to 0! Fancy the feelings of a League

club at being Chicagoed by an "outside" club?

The July record of the League pennant contests, with the averages of the month, is as follows:

July 1, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Chicago ... 19t
" 1, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville 10
" 4, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago ... 3
4, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis (12
innings) ... 4
4 Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati
(10 innings) ... 6
4, Louisville vs. Mutual, at Louisville 4
" 6, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago ... 6
" 6, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis ... 5
" 6, Cincinnati vs. Athletic, at Cincinnati 5
" 8, Louisville vs. Mutual, at Louisville
(15 innings) ... 5

(15 innings)

8. Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago ...

8. St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis ...

8. Cincinnati vs. Athletic, at Cincinnati

10. Mutua vs. Louisvi le, at Louisville (16

21, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia (10 innings)

22, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn

22, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago 3

23, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis

25, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis

25, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago 3

25, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston 1

27, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago 1

27, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago 1

27, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis

29, St. Louis vs. Louisvil e, at St. Louis

29, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston 1

29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago 1

29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago 1

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It will be seen that the Chicago and Boston nines lead in the double-figure scores, and St. Louis and Louisville in single-figure games. The "outside clubs," as the League calls all other professional organizations, have been played very finely of late; witness the following remarkable contests for July:

July 14, St. Louis Reds vs. Capital City, at In-

dence 28, St Louis Reds vs Memph's Blues, at 

Providence ... & Albay S. Elichart & Blue Stockings, at Elkhart & 10, Alpha vs. Our Boys, at Stapleton ... & 16, F yaway vs. Liberty, at St. Louis ... & 11, Hartford vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis

19, St Louis vs. New Haven, at St Louis

3, Active vs. St Louis Reds, at Reading

10, Greenport vs. Winona, at Greenport

10, Buckeye vs. Capita City, at Indianapolis

7, New Haven vs Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. 10, Lowell vs. Fall River, at Lynn ... 22, New Haven vs. Allegheny, at Alle

Among the best of these outside contests was

the following, played at Boston, August 1st: rown, s. s. o 1 4 2 0 Carnes, l. ask'll,1st b.0 1 9 0 0 Martin, c.

Totals . 2 6 39 12 0 Totals . 1 2 39 19 0 Meta ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1—2 Aspin ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 Strikes called—off Foss, 34; off Dillenback, 73. Struck out—Meta. 2; Aspin, 8 Balls called—or Foss, 33; on Di lenback, 26 Umpire, Mr. Ewing, of the Trimountains. Time, 2h. 35m.

# Ripples.

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was, that it is not wrong, but impossible.

According to a recent legal decision, kisses are valued at ten dollars apiece. That's high for a kiss which lights on a girl's nose or ear, but dirt cheap for one square on her lips when you linger and hang on and murmur, "Yum! yum! yum!"

A grumbling old bachelor, after listening to the following, "She was her muver's own 'ittle darlin' wopsy popsy deary ducksy, so she was, an' she mus' keep still,' asks, women talk some decent kind of English to their children?"

A young clergyman seems to have compressed the whole body of his serman on "deceit, in the following: "Oh, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all rounders encircle a a throat that has many a bitter pill to swal-

The good boy who goes home and tells his mother how he rebuked his companion for robbing birds' nests, will perhaps pass the pantry twenty times a day, and still find it locked. How ignorant parents are, and how little they

understand their children. He isn't six years old, and he said, "Please, Sarah, can't I have another piece of that nice custard pie you made?" "Why, deary, you are too full for utterance now; look at that luscious dumpling on your plate; not half eaten." "Oh, well,' he answered, "I know August closed with the pennant record showing the dumpling side is full, but the custard pie side feels rather empty yet."